

GIRLS IN RACE FOR MASSACHUSETTS COURT OF CHARM



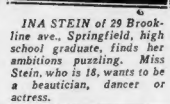
DOROTHY TOOMEY of 11 Haviland st., Boston, is a girl of many talents. She studied at business college after being graduated from New Bedford high school, but is now a beautician and hopes to be a dancer.



BELLA DES ROCHE, 37 Providence st., Aldenville, an entrant in the State of Massachusetts Charm Contest sponsored by Governor Curley with the co-operation of the Boston Sunday Advertiser, is 24, a graduate of Chicopee high school and is ambitious to become a fashion model.



CHARLOTTE HELEN KULAGA of 38 Brook st., Lawrence, is 19, and a graduate of Lawrence high school. She is a bookkeeper and expects to stay in the business world.



INA STEIN of 29 Brookline ave., Springfield, high school graduate, finds her ambitions puzzling. Miss Stein, who is 18, wants to be a beautician, dancer or actress.



IRENE M. MARCELL, 19, of 18 Whittier st., Cambridge, is a graduate of Cambridge High and Latin school and hopes to join the business world as a secretary.



MARY NAVA'S ambitions draw her toward the field of music. She is now working as a waitress but wants to become famous as a singer. Miss Nava is 20 years old, a high school graduate, and resides at 71 Brookdale ave., Kingston.



MILDRED M. PRICE, graduate of Brighton high school and student at Boston Teachers College, hopes to be one of the six girls selected for the Massachusetts Court of Charm. Miss Price is 18 and intends to be a teacher.



VIRGINIA MARIE MANN of Northfield is 19 and a graduate of Northfield high school. Miss Mann, a pianist, is determined to be an actress.



CYNTHIA J. GRIFFIN of 24 Bucknam st., Everett, is 21 and studied at high school and business college, but what she most wants to do is study for the stage.

CAROL HILTZ of 8 Lowell Circle, Somerville, is one of the many girls who have entered the State Charm Contest. She is 26, a Somerville High School graduate and now a hostess, but hopes to pursue a business career. This contest is open to girls between the ages of 18 and 30 who live in Massachusetts. Just fill in the entry blank and send it with a recent photograph to the Charm Contest Editor, 5 Winthrop Square, Boston.

RUDY VALLEE SENDS WIRE PRAISING LOCAL BEAUTIES

The Charm Contest marches on. Larger and larger grows this army of lovely girls. Day by day the photographs swarm in from all over Massachusetts. Surely the battle is obviously won—and it is being fought in a worthy cause. First—to refute the statement by a certain artist named James Montgomery Flagg that "Boston girls are homely," and second, to present Governor Charles C. Curley with an official "charm court."

Boston girls have their champions, and it has just been discovered that Rudy Vallee himself is one of them.

Rudy sent a very charming telegram from New York which reads as follows:

ONCE IN LOVE HERE

"One think alone could convince me that the girls of Boston have an abundance of beauty and charm and talent. I saw the stage show at the Metropolitan. You could score the cities of the world without finding a livelier line of dancing girls than that local group of yours."

"I know the charm contest will be a huge success. Please believe that this is something more than just a statement from a loyal New Englander. I mean every word of it. Best regards to all the beautiful girls who are competing. I hope to see you in the city of the future."

"The contest closes on Monday, the 30th of September, and as soon as possible thereafter, pictures of the seven winners will appear. All the pictures of contestants, so far, are in the hands of the judges, who are: Mrs. Mary L. Ryan, niece of the Boston society matron and president of the Charlotte Cushman Club; Mrs. Mary L. Ryan, niece of the sculptor, Cyrus E. Dallin. These three people are being asked to select the winners, and they are probably wringing their hands trying to distinguish just what girl is more charming than another."

Governor Curley's part in the contest comes later on when he will present the queen and her six attendants with official medals of honor.

During the winter there will be

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS CHARM CONTEST OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

NOTE: The State of Massachusetts Charm Contest is open to single women between the ages of 18 and 30 who are permanent residents of Massachusetts. All entries must be accompanied by a recent photograph, and must be mailed to the Charm Contest Editor, 5 Winthrop Square, Boston, before midnight Sept. 30.

NAME _____ (Please print name)

ADDRESS _____ (Street and number)

CITY OR TOWN _____

AGE _____ HEIGHT _____

WEIGHT _____ COMPLEXION _____

OCCUPATION _____

EDUCATION _____

YOUR AMBITIONS (State briefly) _____

CONTENT CLOSING REPE 30

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

15 Last and Found
Found: 1934-1935, small white dog, male, dog, tan spots, brown eyes, collar, name tag, "TOMMY".
LOST: 1934-1935, small white dog, male, dog, tan spots, brown eyes, collar, name tag, "TOMMY".
LOST: 1934-1935, small white dog, male, dog, tan spots, brown eyes, collar, name tag, "TOMMY".

24 Dancing
For Ballroom and Modern dancing, see 1934-1935, small white dog, male, dog, tan spots, brown eyes, collar, name tag, "TOMMY".

PAPARONE STUDIOS
Established 1914-1935, small white dog, male, dog, tan spots, brown eyes, collar, name tag, "TOMMY".

NOVIKOFF SCHOOL OF THE DANCE
Established 1914-1935, small white dog, male, dog, tan spots, brown eyes, collar, name tag, "TOMMY".

16 ULLMAN DANCE STUDIO
Established 1914-1935, small white dog, male, dog, tan spots, brown eyes, collar, name tag, "TOMMY".

3 Hrs. PRACTICE DANCING FREE
Established 1914-1935, small white dog, male, dog, tan spots, brown eyes, collar, name tag, "TOMMY".

BALLROOM
Established 1914-1935, small white dog, male, dog, tan spots, brown eyes, collar, name tag, "TOMMY".

PROF. RITTER
Established 1914-1935, small white dog, male, dog, tan spots, brown eyes, collar, name tag, "TOMMY".

WM. H. O'BRIEN
Established 1914-1935, small white dog, male, dog, tan spots, brown eyes, collar, name tag, "TOMMY".

44 Furs
Established 1914-1935, small white dog, male, dog, tan spots, brown eyes, collar, name tag, "TOMMY".

Make Your Porch Livable All Year Round
Established 1914-1935, small white dog, male, dog, tan spots, brown eyes, collar, name tag, "TOMMY".

REASONABLE PRICES
Established 1914-1935, small white dog, male, dog, tan spots, brown eyes, collar, name tag, "TOMMY".

ANNOUNCEMENTS

15 Private Lessons \$5
Established 1914-1935, small white dog, male, dog, tan spots, brown eyes, collar, name tag, "TOMMY".

UPDOWN SCHOOL
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FINANCIAL

Money to Loan

CASH
FOR MEN & WOMEN EARNING SALARIES

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THE AMERICAN AWEEKLY

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Sunday, Sept. 22, 1935



Decollete Girl — Impressions by
M. Victor C. de Tschetchet
the Distinguished Russian Artist

Spend Their Lives As Nuns, But Take No Vows



One of the Beguines of Ghent, Who Has Passed Her Ninetieth Birthday, but She Is Not Yet Too Old to Cease Her Daily Labor of Making Fine Lace.

GHEENT, Belgium.
THE convent of the Beguines in the town of St. Amundberg, a few miles from this city, houses a thousand devout, self-sacrificing, hard-working nuns. These sisters of mercy lead the simplest of lives. They sleep in cell-like rooms and spend a good part of each day in prayer—but they have taken no vows forever marrying them to the church, they can own property and, if they want to, they can return to the world and marry.

Among these thousand nuns there are women from almost every walk and station of life—peasants from farms and daughters of nobility who, for one reason or another, consecrated their lives to the service of their fellow men. Other convents of the order are established in Louvain, Bruges and Mechelen. Each of these convents is entirely independent of the other and is headed by a Mother Superior.

It might seem that the nuns, being vowed to a life of prayer and work, would bring about a certain loss in membership, that the nuns, being human, might sometimes change their minds and return to the world. But, despite the fact that they are free to do this, very few Beguines have left the convent since they took the veil.

The interesting history of the order goes back to the 12th century when many women in the Netherlands band-



On the Raised Dais in the Living Room of the Convent, the Mother Superior Presides, While in Absolute Silence the "Nuns" Work at Their Sewing. Though They May Leave and Marry at Any Time, Few of the Women Ever Give Up Their Religious Life.

ed together and devoted their lives to good works. Perhaps, because they were not bound to any church, they did not think it necessary to take vows. Anyway it was a simple matter to join the order and just as simple to quit it. In the early days of the Beguines the vowless nuns gathered in colonies on the outskirts of towns. They provided food for the hungry, medicine and nursing for the ailing and shelter for the homeless. They worked in the fields, kept cattle, wove cloth. In many ways they served the people of the 12th century as the Red Cross serves people today.

As time went on the Beguines formed larger communities. Sometimes two or more convents each of them independent units, would merge and do their good deeds under the direction of one Mother Superior.

In the 15th century there was an outbreak of holy wars and, for some reason, the "Beguines," as the convent of the vowless nuns were called, then, were looked upon as something to be put out of business. Many of them were destroyed and the women in them scattered, but a few managed to survive and it is from these few that the present institutions sprang.

at least, by example and inspiration.

Life in a Beguine convent is not much different from the routine in convents in which the sisters are required to take sacred vows to stay in the service of the church so long as they live. The nuns rise at an early hour, spend a certain time at their devotions before they eat their simple breakfast and begin the day's work. As one of the pictures on this page



Once Daily the Beguines Go Through the Ritual of the "Stations of the Cross," Making the Rounds of the Fourteen Pictures Symbolical of the Savior's Passion and Death.

shows, the Mother Superior is firm in her discipline, and she sits on

toms of the Beguines is the saying of prayers by lottery. On the walls about the convent there are small wooden boxes filled with cards bearing different numbers. Hung above the box is a framed list of different prayers, each one numbered. Every day each nun draws a card out of one of the lottery boxes and repeats whatever prayer corresponds to the number on the card.

Slain By Jilted Sheiks

DAMASCUS.
LOKITA PUTTY came to this ancient city from a successful tour of the best night clubs and music halls of her native Germany and half a dozen other European countries. Her fame as a dancer and as a vivacious beauty preceded her and, overnight, she became the star of the city's most exclusive cabaret.

Among the patrons of this establishment were several young sheiks who lived with their tribes on the outskirts of the metropolis and came into town occasionally to enjoy themselves. These monthly runs of the desert found Lokita and her dancing very much to their liking. At least two of them fell in love with her.

The dancer found the attentions of these dark-eyed lords of the desert intriguing, but she didn't choose to explain that she had come to Damascus to be near her German fiance, a Dr. Hans Klausner who was attached to a hospital in Bagdad. In short she "kidded" her ardent Arab admirers along and let them believe that they had a chance to win her heart and hand.

Friends of the dancer warned her that she was playing with fire and that she had better give up her dangerous game of love. Sheiks, they said, despite all the romantic rot of the novels and movie screen, were not like European and American men where their affections were concerned. But Lokita Putty laughed off their warnings almost up to the day she was planning

to meet her husband-to-be in Cairo and become Mrs. Hans Klausner.

That day never came. Instead Dr. Klausner made a hurried plane trip to Damascus and was escorted by the police to a churchyard where a wilted wreath of Oriental flowers marked a new grave. In that grave was Lokita Putty, her lovely body marked by ugly wounds.

The police were sorry but they were unable to find out who murdered the dancer and two male escorts who were walking with her when they were attacked by several natives who fled before the police arrived to find both men dead and Fraulin Putty writhing on the ground.

The grief-stricken Dr. Klausner spent several days in the city trying to find the murderers of his bride-to-be. He learned about the dancer's flirtations with the hot-blooded young sheiks and reported his suspicions to the police. But that's as far as the matter went. In all Damascus not one person could be found who had actually seen the murderer or who could remember seeing anyone running from the scene of the cold-blooded assault. And of several sheiks questioned not one was able to imagine why anyone in Damascus should want to kill the charming, beautiful, the talented Lokita. They were shocked at her untimely end and, of course, would do anything they could to help the good doctor track down the criminals. The good doctor saw that he was wasting his time and went back to his hospital.



Lokita Putty, the Pretty Night Club Dancer, Whose Career Ended So Tragically After She Had Trifled With the Affections of the Native Tribal Chieftains.

The Old Family Bicycle

THE Danes go in for cycling in a big way, and almost every family has at least one of the two-wheeled vehicles which are used for business and pleasure. On a pleasant Sunday the highways of Denmark are alive with cycles—and not all of them are the familiar one-man machines.

The photograph at the left shows how one ingenious Dane transformed the tandem, which he and his wife used to ride before the first of two "blessed events" into a sort of family carryall, with a front seat for one of the children and a comfortable sidecar for the baby.

When he completed the machine it didn't look much like a bicycle, but it is a practical vehicle on which the father, mother and their pair of youngsters have ridden many thousands of miles. The seat for the boy was attached to the frame, and a couple of footrests were installed, so that he could ride in comfort between his father's arms. The lad holds on to the handlebars and imagines that he is helping daddy steer.

The greatest change in the original tandem was made in the rear, where an extra wheel had to be added to support the rolling baby carriage. A weather-tight box was bolted to a rack over the back wheel of the tandem, in which to pack such essentials as lunch, clothes and a blanket to spread out on the ground when the time comes to stop by the roadside and picnic.

The hood on the compartment for the baby is collapsible and can be folded back, as it is in the photograph, or pulled down so that the youngster is cozy protected from the wind and weather. The mother is a full partner in all trips on the old family bicycle and has to do her share of the pedaling.

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29-Word Will On Dance Card

THE other day the officials of Middlesex Court, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, were faced with that old and confusing question: When is a will not a will, and vice versa. The "document" which puzzled them was an invitation to a private dance, a card about four inches by five inches. On the back of this piece of pasteboard were 29 words offered as the only existing last will and testament of the late William Harold Taylor, bachelor and schoolmaster.

Of course, this strange will did not have any of the usual "Be it known" and "whereas" in it, as a will has when it is drawn up in familiar legal form. But it did say that Mr. Taylor wanted such worldly goods as he had acquired to go to his sister, Miss Harriet May Taylor, and it was signed by a signature which unquestionably is that of the dead man.

The schoolmaster's estate was not large—representing less than \$10,000—and apparently there is to be no quibbling between relatives who feel they are entitled to share in his modest fortune. Perhaps these considerations will make it easier for the court to decide whether the few words scribbled on the reverse side of a dance card constitute a good and true last will and testament. If the estate ran into big money and there were several persons determined to divide it, the legal problem involved would be more troublesome.

It is said that the unusual will was made some years ago when Mr. Taylor was setting out on a European voyage.

Jokingly a member of the party of friends wishing him "bon voyage" inquired whether he had made his will and the schoolmaster, realizing the dangers of travel on the high seas, was suddenly struck with the idea that he never had taken the trouble to call a lawyer and set down in legal phraseology how he wanted his property disposed of in case anything happened to him. So, as the story goes, he reached in his pocket, found the dance card and quickly wrote what, to him, at least, was a bona fide last will and testament.

Courts all over the country have, time and again, had to consider various and sundry wills offered for probate in strange forms. Out in Los Angeles, not long ago, attorneys arrived at the court house with a step-ladder. It was the contention that a man named Strathmann had written ten words on one of the wooden steps which left his estate to a Mrs. Ellen Gotts, a neighbor who had been kind to him in life. Unfortunately for Mrs. Gotts, a handwriting expert declared that the writing was a forgery, so she got none of the deceased man's accumulation of \$10,000.

Several years before this the same court had to pass judgment on an even stranger last will and testament—a "document" written in pencil on the hem of a white petticoat. The man who made the will was dying in a hospital and dictated what he wanted done with his estate to a nurse who, having no paper at hand, had imagination enough to make use of her petticoat.



Denmark Is the Country of Bicycles, and the Enthusiasts Do Not Lack Inventiveness. This Head of a Family Has Turned the Lowly Vehicle Into a Virtual Bus.

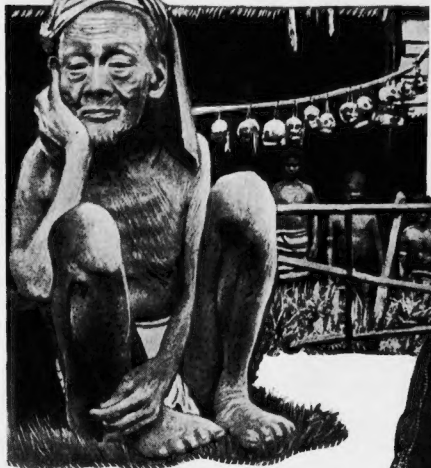


A Sort of League of Nations Conference Is This—the Lamb, Dog and Bird Having Decided, Apparently, to Dwell in Fescue on a Farm in Sarre Thasert, Where the Photograph Was Taken.

Princess Pearl of Sarawak Marries a Band Leader

"OK Eliza," Cabled Her Royal Papa, the Rajah, "But No Publicity"—Whereupon the Groom

Wrote a Jazz Song for the Bride and All London Turned Out to Make a Circus of the Ceremony



One of the Rajah's Native Chiefs With (Behind Him) His Collection of Heads Looking Something Like a Xylophone. Which Son-in-Law Roy Might Learn to Play.

Sarawak! Sarawak! Sarawak! I see you waiting, 'neath the Golden Banners. Oh, Sarawak! My heart is there with you. Love Song to the Princess Pearl of Sarawak, written by Harry Roy.

"Q"UITE O. K. Eliza, provided no publicity or newspaper excitement. Love, Viner. "Thus did the romantic white Rajah of Sarawak, Brooke, agree to the marriage of his daughter, Elizabeth, known in Sarawak as 'Princess Pearl,' to a London bandmaster, Harry Roy.

That was all this Absolute Monarch of a country larger than Scotland and Wales and 500,000 subjects asked, to let a commoner into the Royal Family, merely that the wedding would be quiet and decorous enough so that no undignified reports would cheapen the reigning house in the eyes of Sarawak natives.

The Rajah must have thought it little to ask, and that his future son-in-law would be punctiliously careful. In case he made any error, Eliza, the Princess Pearl, would set him right and above all, her mother, the Rane of Sarawak was there at her elbow, to see that nothing was done to "quer the family." And how did the three keep faith with the Rajah?

First the bandmaster wrote and published that song providing the crowds in the London streets with something to sing at their between boots and caltrops. The conventional church wedding music presumably was not sufficiently sedate so jazz music was substituted, part of it from Harry's own jazz band and they even found a man who could play jazz on the organ. Some say that Harry led the music himself by rhythmic nodding.

At big military and royal weddings the bridal pair often has a military guard of honor. The rank of the Princess entitled her to walk from the altar between a double row of officers with glittering swords arched overhead, a splendid but dignified spectacle. But, no, they had to have something better, instead of officers they had saxophone players who cackled at them as they passed.

About this time the crowd of spectators took a hand in the circus. Howling "Sarawak!" they grabbed the bride couple, rushed them around on their shoulders and finally dumped them into their honeymoon car through its open roof. This garish ceremony caused almost as much excitement as if that relentless bachelor, the Prince of Wales, had been married. The papers were full of the "jazz wedding" but many thought it cheap, vulgar and in bad taste and said so.

Yet, neither the 22-year-old bride, the 32-year-old bridegroom, nor the royal mother-in-law seem to have realized that the "jazz wedding" as keeping faith with the high contracting party on the other side of the world. The only person to have any misgivings was the other mother-in-law, Mrs. Solomon Littman, who stepped modestly aside when her royal daughter-in-law-to-be marched in with her sister, Leonora, known in Sarawak as "Princess Gold" and who is also

the Countess of Inchcape. They were conveyed by the bride's grandmother, Lady Esther, who looked not entirely pleased. With Mrs. Littman was her youngest son, Syd, who voiced his hearty approval by shouting: "Look, Mama! Ain't Harry's show swell?" A show it certainly was but Mama Littman seems to have had qualms about its awesomeness for she wept. When her bandmaster son, grinning from ear to ear, asked if she wasn't proud, the old lady answered, weeping: "Harry, it is lovely while the money comes in and you can afford it. But if it should stop—Oh! Oh! Harry, my boy, Oh! Oh!"

Mrs. Littman has met quite a few persons with titles, attracted by Harry's band, and she may have observed that they always seem to be momentarily without ready cash. Of course the ruling family of Sarawak is something different.

As far as known the honeymooners took P. T. Barnum's view of the publicity, that he did not care what people were saying as long as they were talking about him. But the Rane was quite upset. In an indignant interview she said: "People are saying that the wedding was vulgar. I know that. We had jazz music instead of church music. Thousands of people cheered and shouted and Harry Roy was mobbed. He was carried shoulder-high and lifted into his car through the roof."

"My answer is that though publicity may be vulgar it was unavoidable in this case because Harry is so popular. This was not organized publicity. I never enjoyed a wedding so much. But these horrid remarks have made Harry's mother unhappy. When I saw her last, the poor thing was crying. She was wretched about all this. I told her not to cry because people are either nice or nasty. She and her son happen to be nice. Why should Harry Roy's mother be made to cry by a lot of snobs?"

Asked if she knew how the Rajah had liked it, an anxious expression passed over the Rane's countenance and she replied:

"The same as I. There were 3,000 telegrams of congratulation from all sorts of people but no word from my daughter. My daughter and poor Harry were most upset. It made us all unhappy. Afterwards we were so relieved when we found it had been mislaid. It said: "Lots of love and luck and all happiness to you both from Pa and Vava." Vava is my youngest daughter. I am sure my husband will feel just as I do about those unkind remarks. I

am most positive." Yet she did not look so very positive. But husband Roy is not the only one who has written a song about Princess Pearl. For a time it was thought that she would marry Jack Buchanan, the actor, who used to sing to her a ballad that he had made up himself and called "Eliza." Also, he nearly got her a part in the movies. But he didn't get her the part, so she turned to bandmaster Roy with whom she will play a 17-week engagement around England singing jazz songs to husband Roy's soprano saxophone. The act ought to go well after all this.

Alluring bandmasters have been known sometimes to be inclined to wildness, but if this one should get that way the Princess should know how to tame him for she has the Brooke blood of the first Rajah, who tamed half a million wild men and wild women of Borneo and made them like it.

It is said that Harry's letter to the Rajah requesting his royal daughter's hand, was a short, simple and unexciting statement of how much he loved the Princess and quoting from the Brooke family coat of arms: "Dum Spiro Spero," which means "As long as I breathe I shall hope."

He had to keep breathing and hoping for about a month and then came the royal consent by cablegram. It is no secret however, that the Princess had previously refused up her father by a barrage of letters mentioning favorable points which modestly forbade Harry to list.

Her older sister, Leonora, was a reported engaged to Max Asmell, a handsome Roumanian millionaire, but a few months later she married the Earl of Inchcape. Pearl, the most recent bride in the romantic family, is an amateur actress of considerable talent.

Harry had better be dead serious in his proposed conquest of the screen because the Brooke family are always hard-working realists, as frivolous as minded persons learn to their sorrow if they marry them. The Brookes have no use for play-boys or play-girls either.

For example there is the disappointed wife of the heir apparent to the Rajahdom, Sir Bertram Brooke, brother of the present Rajah. A daughter of Sir Walter Palmer of the very wealthy biscuit manufacturing family, she went to the altar with £25,000 of her very own to spend and millions more to come. Naturally she supposed it would be swell to blow this on plenty of royal swank.

The natives received her in Sarawak with a grand turn-out of parades, cheering and many gun salutes. But as soon as she started to get out her

check-book and "do things in style," her husband said firmly: "No extravagances!" "But there are not extravagances for me because I can afford to pay for them," she answered. To this he replied by laying down the law as follows: "They are extravagant in the eyes of our poorer subjects who would be made envious. Instead of spending your money for useless ostentation, I can give you a list of public improvements badly needed and in any of which it would be very nice if you would invest your entire fortune. Then the people of Sarawak would indeed respect you."

The Dayang Mada, immensely rich English wife of the Brother of the Present Rajah of Sarawak, Who Doesn't Like to Live on the Island Because Her Brother-in-Law Won't Let Her Spend Money Like a Princess.

Leonora, Princess Gold, Eliza's Sister, Who Was Bride-maid at the Wedding, and Is the Wife of the Romantic Earl of Inchcape.

she renounced Christianity to become a Mohammedan and to make it extra startling and spectacular had the ceremony performed in an airplane. This she explained was in order to be as close as possible to the remains of the Prophet himself which are supposed to be in a coffin suspended magically halfway between the earth and heaven. As an extra added feature she managed to unfortunately they already knew that cation.

This act won her no end of publicity, even if slightly sarcastic. In European papers, and might have impressed the Mohammedan subjects of Sarawak, but unfortunately they already knew that she was what they called "a woman with a religious past." Born of a Quaker family, she had deserted that sect to become a member of the English Episcopal Church, which she deserted in turn to take up Christian Science only to abandon that for the Roman Catholic religion, being received and blessed by the Pope in a special audience. After all these religious shifts, the Mohammedans, who take their faith seriously,

were far from flattered to learn that such a fickle person had become one of them. She is living estranged from her husband and the people he will some day rule.

How Princess Pearl's great uncle, James Brooke, the first white Rajah, made himself Lord of these wild men of Borneo is the tale of one of those tremendous individualists who built England from an unimportant island to the world's greatest empire.

His father's death brought him money enough to fit out a schooner armed with six-pound guns, and he sought adventure. At Singapore the British Governor asked him to deliver a letter to the Sultan of Borneo, and on arriving at Borneo he found his Majesty busy with a revolt in the Northern half of that big island. The cause was chiefly that the Sultan had a monopoly on supplies, charged prices which could not be paid and made slaves of the debtors.

The Sultan's uncle, in charge of suppressing the revolt, did not like facing head-hunters and poisoned arrows, so he asked the Englishman to do it for him. Brooke did, and then said the grievances of the natives must be redressed. Of course the Sultan and his uncle would not hear of having their graft spoiled but the natives rose again and announced that they wanted the white man for their ruler. A poisoned arrow whizzing close to the uncle's ear convinced him that there was something in their idea. After much talk but no bloodshed it came to pass.

In 1863, Sarawak was formally recognized as an absolutely independent state and its ruler a sovereign entitled to mint his own coinage. Brooke, who kept up his connections with England, died in Devonshire in 1868 leaving the succession to his nephew, Charles, who ruled as Rajah from 1868 to 1917.

Like his uncle, Rajah Charles was wrapped up in the affairs of his country and thought only of its advancement. His son, the present Rajah, has carried on the same policy in the same manner as doubtless will his brother when he succeeds to the throne.

This is all very nice for natives to have a dynasty of capable white men working for them as devotedly as if their job depended on every day's work, and these pacified wild men and wild women of Borneo would do something very shocking to anyone who suggested revolt. But it is a big deal on the Ranees and Princesses who, if they want to show off must do so in distant lands where it won't disgust the subjects of Sarawak.

It is not likely, however, that Harry Roy will suffer much because of the policy of the Brookes family, as it is not likely that the Sarawakians would appreciate jazz enough to cause him to leave London, where, as his mother mentioned, "The money is coming in."



The Rajah of Sarawak's Daughter Eliza (Princess Pearl), and Beside Her, Harry Roy, the Popular London Bandmaster, Who Was Her Bridegroom At Their "Jazz Wedding"

check-book and "do things in style," her husband said firmly: "No extravagances!" "But there are not extravagances for me because I can afford to pay for them," she answered. To this he replied by laying down the law as follows:

"They are extravagant in the eyes of our poorer subjects who would be made envious. Instead of spending your money for useless ostentation, I can give you a list of public improvements badly needed and in any of which it would be very nice if you would invest your entire fortune. Then the people of Sarawak would indeed respect you."

The Dayang Mada, immensely rich English wife of the Brother of the Present Rajah of Sarawak, Who Doesn't Like to Live on the Island Because Her Brother-in-Law Won't Let Her Spend Money Like a Princess.

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Mechanical Man Smokes, Drinks and Goes Fishing With Double



The Inventor Demonstrating the Gadgets That Make the Robot Smoke a Pipe. A Cam Lever Squeezes and Releases a Rubber Bulb Attached to a Tube Running to the Mouth.



Milton Tosenbaum, Who Conceived the Mechanical Man, Gives Him a Voice by Talking Into a Microphone Attached by Wire to a Loudspeaker in the Robot's Chest.

At last the robot urge has invaded the field of sculpture, and as a result there has materialized a realistic robot made to the likeness of an actual person. This mechanical man apparently smokes, drinks, walks, talks, and even goes fishing with his living double. The robot is perhaps the most life-like ever conceived. His home is in Brooklyn, New York, and his creator is a young sculptor-mechanic, Milton Tosenbaum, who recently placed his invention on exhibition. The facial features are made of a secret skin-like substance, difficult to distinguish from real flesh.

The newest robot approaches the ideal mechanical man as envisioned by Gilbert K. Chesterton in one of his famous detective stories. In the intriguing bit of fiction the author described an inventor whose household was served by mechanical slaves. They waited on their master at table; they performed as valets, window-washers and gardeners. As the story proceeded, the master was murdered, and investigations revealed his weird staff of monsters, who were suspected of having turned on him.

The Brooklyn robot, of course, has no sinister aspects. He appears to be a kindly old man in modest attire, with a smile as benevolent as that of the "average Brooklyn citizen" after whom he was modeled. The robot will talk back to you. Concealed inside his chest is a microphone which picks up your voice and relays it to the operator

Two Patient Fishermen. One is Alive, and the "Model" for the Mechanical Dummy. When the Robot's Bait Attracts a Fish a Bell Rings and the Arm Is Mechanically Lifted to Land the Catch.

The "Heart, Lungs and Nerves" of the Robot, Which, Under the Control of an Operator, Make the Dummy Seem to Talk, Smoke, and Even Go Fishing With His Living Double.



the living man from whom he was modeled, to a dock. There, the two of them sat patiently, as shown in the photograph, each holding a fishing rod. They appeared to be twin brothers out for a holiday. The fishing rod of the robot is electrically controlled so that a tug at the line will cause it to jerk. A simpler arrangement provides the illusion that the robot is reeling in his pipe. Down in the abdominal region the robot is fitted with a rubber bulb

attached to a tube which runs to the mouth. When a pipe is inserted between the lips, the operator starts a magnetic impulse which deflates and inflates the bulb, causing suction on the pipe, and an alternate discharge of the smoke from the lips. Compressed air induces the leg motions of the dummy. The robot's real purpose is to perform as a substitute for and improve over animated cartoons. With a cast of such robots, the animated pictures, which now lack perspective, could be shown in full relief.

Masked All The Beauties for Lovely Eyes Contest, and Judges Said "Aye"

LONDON.

SO many disagreeable disputes have arisen recently over the choice of judges to pick beauties in local and national contests, always designed to attract patrons, visitors and tourists, has been soiled. Accusations by disappointed contestants that the judges let their eyes run away with them have been frequent. If a contest happens to be for the purpose of discovering the "perfect beauty," sometimes a judge or two is attracted by a shapely leg and renders a decision that is technically in error. Sometimes a pretty face distracts the judicial mind from a slim ankle, and so on.

When it was decided recently at Cliftonville to hold a contest for the pretty girls of the town, to discover who owned the most lovely or soulful eyes, the promoters, who happened to be the city executive, made up their minds that there would occur no disagreements from the principal subject. It was to be an eye contest, and pretty faces or limbs would have no part in it.

The Cliftonville Park bathing pool was selected as the location of the contest, but immediately



The Contestants in the "Lovely Eyes" Competition Held Recently in Cliftonville, England. Each Wore a Mask to Limit the Judges' Scrutiny to the Eyes, Irrespective of Facial Beauty.

there cropped up the objection that if the girls wore bathing suits, perhaps the judges, being only human, would be looking more intently at shapely calves than at soul windows. That objection was nullified by an edict that each contestant would be required to wear a robe. Then it was suggested that pretty faces, regardless of eyes, would discredit the judges. That has been known to happen before, and it has resulted in many criticisms of the annual beauty tournament. To overcome this was quite a problem until somebody had an idea. It solved the problem nicely. The suggestion was that each girl be given a mask that would cover her face entirely except for the eyes. Ample allowance would be provided through which brown, blue, hazel and green eyes might gaze upon the selectors.

The contest was held. The masks, applied before the girls marched up to be judged, concealed their faces effectively. Only their eyes were clearly visible. A blue-eyed dame was selected. When the mask was removed, the judges were pleased with themselves. They all said "aye." The girl they picked happened, after all, to be the most beautiful of the lot.

Sad Story of the Misguided Thrush Who Went for the Bright Lights

A MOTORIST was late for an important board meeting the other night. He had promised his business partners he would meet them in Petworth, Sussex, England, at 10 P. M. He was still ten miles from the town. A storm was rising and it was 9:50 o'clock. The chauffeur was ordered to "step on it." He did, and the car was doing 65 miles an hour, when the occupants felt a mild impact and heard a crash of glass. The

driver stopped, got out and inspected the car, and found that one headlight was out and that the glass was broken.

The driver's employer, being in a hurry, told him not to stop for repairs, but to turn on the cowl lights and speed for Petworth. The trip was resumed and the car's owner reached the meeting ten minutes late. In the meantime it had begun to rain and the car was taken to a garage, where mechanics were put to work repairing the lamp.

"It must have been a pebble or a piece of shale," the chauffeur guessed, as they began removing the shattered lens.

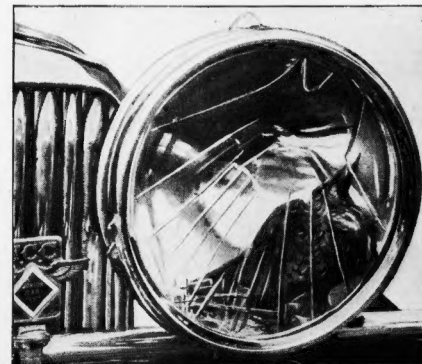
"No," said a mechanic, "you've trapped a bird."

They peered into the lamp, and, sure enough, inside the casing and against the polished reflector lay the body of a large thrush. So great had been the force of its collision with the lamp that it had not only made the shock felt inside the car, but the bird's body had broken through the thick glass and had shattered the electric bulb.

A photograph, the one shown at the left, was made of the peculiar accident, and the picture was published. Following this, a score of motorists wrote to the newspapers in London describing similar mishaps. It appears that the headlights hold a certain fascination

for birds, and the thrush seems to be most susceptible. At any rate, the bright lights spelled the doom of the one shown in the picture, in a most unusual way. Several motorists told of finding frogs dead in the headlights.

The effect of a blinding light on a frog is well known. In fact, frog catchers use powerful torches in their business of luring the creatures from their haunts at night to club them to death and sell them to restaurateurs.



The Glaring Headlights of a Speeding Auto Fascinated the Thrush Shown Dead Inside. The Result: So Great Was the Impact When the Bird Collided With the Lamp that the Creature Was Hurled Through the Heavy Glass.

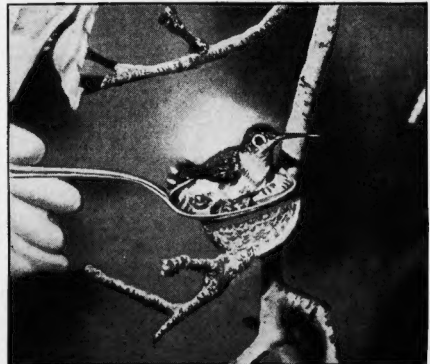
Teaspoonful of Humming Bird

THERE'S a new baby in the aviary of the Bronx Zoo, New York. He is one of the tiniest of all the newcomers to arrive there in recent years, and he doesn't seem to be growing to any great extent. So they have named him "Midget." "Midget" is a humming bird and he is so small that, as the photograph shows, he constitutes exactly a teaspoonful of bird.

For several years the parents of "Midget" have been favorite, tame pets of the keepers, and "Midget" is their first child. "Midget" and his species can be designated properly as real Americans, for humming birds are confined to America. Their nearest relatives are the "swifts." The birds in Africa and India which are called humming birds are really sunbirds.

"Midget" is a distinctive bird because he is the lone child. Almost never do humming birds fail to breed two youngsters at a mating. Of all birds, the mother humming bird is perhaps the most solicitous about her young, and "Midget's" mother is no exception. She has built for the youngster a remarkable nest fashioned from vegetable down and spider webs, having raided the bird building regularly for the latter.

Another remarkable thing about this species of bird is that they can be found at a height of 18,000 feet, just below the level of perpetual snow. This is remarkable, because the heat-loss from such small birds is so great that it is to be expected they should normally be confined to warm climates.



One of the Smallest of the Occupants of New York's Bronx Zoo, and One of the Pets of the Keepers in the Aviary Department, Is This Baby Humming Bird, So Tiny That It Fits Comfortably in an Ordinary Teaspoon.

"I Have Preferred Chloroform to Cancer"

Mrs. Gilman, Distinguished Author and Thinker, Takes Her Own Life and Asserts in Her Farewell Message That Stupid Sentimentalities Make Us Inflict Agonies on Human Beings Which We Do Not Compel a Sick Dog or Horse to Endure

Dr. J. H. Haiselden, the Chicago Physician Who Was Excused for Letting an Edible Baby Die When He Could Have Saved Its Life—The First Case in the United States to Raise the Problem of "Mercy Deaths."

"YOU have about two months more to live, though, with the most expert nursing this might be extended considerably," the doctors told Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, eminent writer and leader of Woman's Rights and other social movements. Mrs. Gilman thanked the doctors and said she would think about what to do. She did not have to think long.

Returning to her daughter's house in Pasadena, California, she saturated a handkerchief with chloroform and "put herself out of her misery," exactly as she would have done for a hopelessly-suffering pet dog or cat. But first she explained her act in the following note which seems to many an almost unanswerable argument for euthanasia, the right of incurable and agonized human beings to a quick, easy death that is given to dumb animals.

She wrote: "A last duty. Human life, success and mutual service. No grief, pain, misfortune or 'broken heart' is excuse for cutting off one's life while any power of service remains.

"But when all usefulness is over, when one is harassed of unavoidable and evident death, it is the simplest of human rights to choose a quick and easy death in place of a slow and horrible one."

"Public opinion is changing on the subject. The time is approaching when we shall consider it abhorrent to our civilization to allow a human being to die in prolonged agony which we should mercifully end in any other creature. Believing this choice to be of social service in promoting wiser views on this question, I have preferred chloroform to cancer."

Not a sign of maudlin sentimentality or self-pity in this brief, final word. Mrs. Gilman was not the least bit sorry for herself. She had lived seventy-five vigorous years, mostly fighting for what she considered worthy causes. Now, at the last moment, her situation forced a new cause on her attention and, with aged hand picking up her pen, she struck a last blow for that one.

More than two years Mrs. Gilman had known she was doomed, but, because of her pain and weakness, the brave old warrior was able to carry on, lecturing, writing and giving advice, with such energy that few suspected she was even sick, much less under sentence of one of the cruelest deaths in the world, that of cancer.

Many suicides are to dodge consequences or responsibilities. Mrs. Gilman's age and long, brilliant service entitled her to a retirement of ease and honor but she kept right on as long as she had the strength to be of service. Now the time had come when pain and weakness had made her of no use to herself or anyone else.

The authorities of law, medicine and religion all said that it was her duty to prolong her life to the bitter end. This meant to go to bed in her daughter's house, have a day-nurse, a night-



Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Who Chose a Swift Self-Inflicted Death Rather Than Endure the Long and Agonizing Torture of Incurable Disease.

from tuberculosis but was doomed by cancer. She had not saved his life but merely prolonged his agony uselessly. The transfusion had been against his wishes and now he reproached her for it but what could she do? Feebly he told her:

"Go home—get my pistol—put the muzzle in my mouth—pull the trigger. That you can do—and then I will forgive you."

Mr. Uminaka did it and said to the jury:

"I did not shorten his life. I made the cruel mistake of prolonging it with my blood. With a bullet, I partially corrected that mistaken prolongation."

The jury agreed with her logic. An English jury was as prompt in acquitting Albert Edward Davies for drowning his baby daughter Elsie in a bathtub. Davies, only 27 years old, told the jury how he had suffered for three years while his wife slowly died of consumption. After she was dead, he said, the youngest girl, Elsie, got pneumonia. A physician said the child was doomed but might linger all night and perhaps the next day.

Gently lifting the little sufferer from the bed, the father lowered her into a tub full of water, where the poor little lungs quickly ceased their hopeless struggle.

Mrs. Ruth B. Weiner, of Los Angeles, killed her sister, a hopeless invalid, "to put her out of her misery." A jury freed the mercy slayer.

Dr. H. J. Haiselden, of Chicago, was brought before a coroner's jury for deliberately permitting the Ballinger baby to die. The doctor said that an operation would have saved its life but served by preserving the life of an incurable idiot. The jury exonerated him. Of course, refusal to perform a life-saving operation is a far different matter from interfering to cause death.

Another English case that attracted notice was that of Mrs. Margaret B. Delvigne, former war nurse charged with poisoning her mother to death. The daughter had nursed her mother and urged her to bear her pain until the surgeons admitted that their operation for cancer was not a success and the patient must linger on helplessly.

Mrs. Delvigne made no effort to hide what she had done, but rather she told her story in court as she was committed to an insane asylum "at the King's pleasure," which is, in effect, a life sentence.

Yet if in cases like these, thoughtful people have evidently done the right thing, their example is bound to move others, like Mrs. Sherwood, to rush in and do the wrong thing.

Miss Stanislaw Uminaka, Well-Known Polish Actress Who Killed Her Lover to End His Torment by Disease and Whose Act a French Jury Decided Was Entirely Justifiable. The Smaller Picture Shows Her Strained, Sorrowful Face at Her Trial.

"One cannot call it anything but suicide, yet what she did was not so much to take her life as to cut it short a little. Mrs. Gilman was unable to do anything, was suffering pain, so she simply cut off two months she might otherwise have had to live. She once told me that there had never been a time in her life when she would not risk life, health and everything else if there was a chance to do some good. She probably felt that with this incurable disease that chance was now gone."

Some time ago Mrs. Catt showed how highly she regarded Mrs. Gilman by naming her among the twelve greatest women in the world. Quite often it takes a simple person to confound the wise, and it did in this case. Though the best-balanced, intelligent and nature minds were all at a loss to answer Mrs. Gilman's argument for euthanasia, someone else did so by revealing its one weak point.

Mrs. Dorothy Sherwood, a 27-year-old widow and show-girl out of work, walked into police headquarters of Newburgh, N. Y., with her dead, year-old son James in her arms, calmly informing the police lieutenant that she had drowned him. The young mother, a pretty brunette, told a story of how her husband had died and she had recently lost her job as waitress. With little James on her hands and expecting another baby in about five months, she had been at her wit's end what to do.

So she had taken the little boy out to a creek at Caesar's Lane, let him waste around until he tired of it and then carrying him to a deeper part of the stream held his head under until he stopped struggling. Then she had set on the bank, with the dead baby in her arms, until the little form grew cold. After that she had changed his wet rompers to a dry pair brought for the purpose, combed his hair neatly and induced the driver of a passing

truck to take them to town.

"I couldn't feed him any longer and I couldn't bear to see him hungry, so it seemed the best thing to do."

Asked if she did not know that even if the relief and all other public and private charities had been tried in vain, the law forbade her to take a human life except in self-defense, Dorothy replied that she realized this but had read de- fense of "mercy killings" and understood that these were never punished and therefore must be all right. What had removed her last doubts was reading Mrs. Gilman's suicide note, justifying euthanasia. The young woman had been so impressed that she was able to quote verbatim the following passage:

"Public opinion is changing on the subject. The time is approaching when we shall consider it abhorrent to our civilization to allow a human being to die in prolonged agony which we should mercifully end in any other creature," wrote Mrs. Gilman.

"Mercy killings" usually are acquitted but Mrs. Sherwood has been indicted for first degree murder and the authorities think she will have considerable difficulty in getting away unpunished. They say they will show there was very little sense in it from a mercy standpoint. Among other evidence they promise to produce a woman of excellent character, with a good home, who offered many times to adopt James. Dorothy has also a daughter seven years old living with her late husband's parents, who say they would have taken the boy too.

There was a few hundred dollars life insurance on the child and some evidence of a love-affair which might have been simplified if she had the money and not the child. Yet, even so, these things would be murder-motives only to a hysterical person. Of course, nobody would have been more horrified than Mrs. Gilman had she known that her carefully-weighted words would be perverted to excuse the killing of a



Mrs. Dorothy Sherwood, who Killed the Baby in Her Arms for Wholly Inadequate Reasons, Following Her Reading of Mrs. Gilman's Letter, So She Says.

child whose only suffering was due to lack of food.

Had she lived, probably no jury would have convicted Mrs. Evan J. Cox for killing her two babies. Her husband had left her with food and supplies sufficient for his week's absence from their little shack 25 miles from Casa Grande, on the Arizona Desert, where with tireless energy they were just beginning to make a success of wringing a living from the parched, unwilling soil. Hardly, self-reliant young woman that she was, there seemed no emergency that she could not conquer—but there was one.

A rattlesnake bit her foot. In opening the wound with a razor blade she severed a vein and became so weak from loss of blood that she was unable to crank the decrepit old car and knew that she must die. There was no telephone, no road in the vicinity, no likelihood of anyone passing near for a week and no chance that her two helpless children could live that long alone. So she took the gun that was meant to defend them, put a bullet through their little heads and then with her remaining strength was writing her husband a note of explanation when death stopped her hand. It was a mercy-killing if ever there was one but a mistake, nevertheless, because Mrs. Cox, tormented by strange forebodings, returned to the shack the next day.

Madamemoiselle Stanislaw Uminaka, a beautiful young Polish actress in Paris, gave her blood for a transfusion to save the life of her lover, Jean Zynowski. But just then the doctors discovered that he was not only suffering

Mrs. Margaret B. Delvigne, Who Admitted Giving Poison to Her Mother, Who Was Slowly Dying of Malignant Cancer and Was Sent to an Insane Asylum for Life by a British Jury.

nurse, a doctor, morphine injections, X-Ray and other treatments and finally, in spite of everything, die of a slow physical torture to herself and mental anguish to her daughter and friends.

This sacrifice would be all right if justified by some compensating gain to humanity, but Mrs. Gilman's clear-headed, common sense could not see any gain whatever. So she decided she was entitled to the quick, merciful oblivion that any farmer gives an old horse that the veterinary cannot cure. But no doctor or nurse could do that last favor for her, not even her own daughter, without committing murder. So she had to do it herself, stealthily, behind a locked door and with characteristic competence.

By a ghastly mockery of the law, the only human being legally entitled to be put to death painlessly is the one who least deserves it, the convicted murderer. The electric chair was invented to give him the easiest death the State could devise. Hanging, as done by a trained executioner, is probably equally quick and therefore painless because life ends not by strangulation but by breaking of the neck. In Estonia, where a peculiar law permits the condemned the choice of any poison he may prefer or the gallows, a man recently elected to drink a cup of prussic acid. It seemed to be just about as quick.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, 76 years old and even more famous as champion of feminism, as well as lifelong friend and ally of Mrs. Gilman, said:

Mrs. Ruth B. Weiner, of Los Angeles, Who Killed Her Sister to "Put Her Out of Her Misery," and Was Freed by a California Jury.

ago Mrs. Catt showed how highly she regarded Mrs. Gilman by naming her among the twelve greatest women in the world. Quite often it takes a simple person to confound the wise, and it did in this case. Though the best-balanced, intelligent and nature minds were all at a loss to answer Mrs. Gilman's argument for euthanasia, someone else did so by revealing its one weak point.

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Should Co-Eds Be Allowed To Swim in Nude?

There'll be no undress swimming for University of Utah coeds even in the sanctuary of the girls' pool so long as the present administration runs things at the Salt Lake City institution.

Such has been the faculty's answer to a recent coed petition demanding equal rights with men swimmers who plunge and paddle in the nude.

Scanty as they are, women's swimming suits are too much, said the girls. Their aquatic movements are hampered by the current two-piece suits—shorts and brassiere—declared in open letter to the "Chronicle," student weekly newspaper.

The communication, signed by Miss Virginia Hightman and Miss Gerry Holladay—blonde and easy-to-look-at sophomores—brought no small comment.

Miss Virginia Austin, Dean of Women, said it was a trivial matter, branding it as a "cheap bid for publicity," but many students have not been so sure, especially after the controversy threatened to become a major issue in a torrid school election.

Anticipating a defense of the swimming attire on a mooted basis, the coeds answered before being asked, declaring in their letter to the "Chronicle" that freedom to be gained by discarding all covering would more than compensate for the loss.

The girls pointed out that women as well as men have become lawyers, doctors, engineers and even governors and implied: "Why can't women swim without suits as well as men?"

"We appreciate the privilege of being able to wear the stylish green creations for the swimming pool," the communication continued, "but the advantages of freedom in swimming... far outweigh the loss of this privilege."

All might have passed quietly without an argument—exactly as the Dean of Women planned—if a reporter from one of the city newspapers hadn't asked one of the candidates for a student office what he thought about the petition to let girls swim in the nude.

"It's all right," he quipped, "The men do and have been doing it ever since the old swimming hole days and we think nothing about it. If the women want to, it's perfectly okay with me."

The brightening countenances of his political henchmen started him and he turned crimson as he surveyed their grinning faces.

"Aw, forget it," he demurred. "We've far more important matters to consider."

But the students wouldn't forget. They wanted to know how other candidates stood on the matter.

"What about the girls' bathing suits?" became the question of the day. Candidates bumped into it wherever they went.

Charles Sassoon, writing in the Chronicle, further agitated the issue with the following comment:

"If the young ladies are so anxious to display their freedom by swimming raw, why pick on the poor in-offensive university pupil? Think of all the chaste young freshmen in the neighboring gymnasiums with vivid imaginations."

"Shall we allow the morality of thousands upon thousands of the cream of our youth to be tarnished just because a couple of gals want freedom in bathing? No! No!"

"However, if the young ladies are seriously contemplating to assert their right, I am only too happy to pioneer with them, in order to do my share in attaining equality for fair womanhood."

"May I offer a standing invitation to all my obliging self will gladly accompany them on any pioneering excursions." And I am sure that we could find a much more suitable and romantic spot than the university plunge."

It was no longer a trivial matter, as Miss Austin had characterized it. Both Miss Hightman, who has a tendency to be pleasantly plump, and Miss Holladay were summoned to the office of the Dean of Women.

"I think it is entirely unwarranted for two girls to get so much publicity," Miss Austin lectured. "Your letter to the 'Chronicle' was trivial because it does not represent campus opinion."

"Some of our friends agreed we were right," the girls defended, "but they didn't want their names to appear."

Nor did they ever come to public attention. Miss Hightman and Miss Holladay bore the brunt of faculty censure entirely alone. Their colleagues, if they had any, maintained a discreet if not so loyal a silence.

The faculty issued a definite "No" to the whole idea, and the matter ceased to be an election issue as abruptly as it had become one.

Subdued though they were, the petition signers were not dismayed.

"There must always be pioneers," they chorused, "and we feel we have blazed the trail over which women will eventually carry on another successful campaign for equal rights with the men."

"We feel it is time for college women to shake off some more of the inhibitions that have bound femininity for so long. If the men find it easier and more relaxing to swim without being bound up in heavy water-soaked suits, surely the women could enjoy that freedom without degrading themselves."

But the issue is a closed matter—at least temporarily—so far as the faculty is concerned, and the first round decision goes to the administration.

3 Women, Negro Learn They Are Married To the Same Man

It was something of a shock to Mrs. Ida Eaker Kamp, of St. Louis, when she learned in 1929 that her husband Leo, with whom she had lived for several years, had another wife from whom he had not taken the trouble to get a divorce.

Mrs. Ida Kamp's informant was Mrs. Jennie Kamp, wife Number One, who had married Leo nearly twenty years ago and who produced proof in the form of three grown children who addressed Kamp as "Hy, pop" in a most natural and convincing manner.

Displaying unusual wifely tolerance, Mrs. Ida Kamp, Wife Number Two, forgave Leo everything and went right on living with him as though she was the only wife he had in the world. This was after Leo, who was gifted with powers of explanation that any husband might envy, had made some such observation as "Well, well! If it isn't Minnie, I may be wrong, but it seems to me that a woman had divorced another."

It was also after Wives Number One and Two had discussed the unusual situation in a quiet conference that it was decided for the children's sake that it might be best not to incur the publicity which would attend prosecution of the case.

So the logical thing to do, according to the conclusion reached by the two brainwashed wives, was for Leo and Ida to continue where they left off before the first wife and the three children had bobbed up out of the past.

But it appeared that there was a limit even to the patience of the brainwashed Mrs. Ida Kamp. For when Leo four years later announced a third wife, this time a girl twenty years Ida's junior, and also, it is claimed, without the formality of a divorce or for that matter letting Wives Number Two know that there had been any complaint with her services, Ida took the matter to the authorities.

Leo was promptly arrested and charged in a suit with bigamy after Mrs. Kamp's boardhouse assistant, circuit attorney, was making story of how the absent-minded Leo had taken into himself three different spouses, all of whom lived within a few blocks of one another.

Leo first came into her life, Mrs. Ida Kamp said, about 1922 when he took a room in her boarding house at 1241 Walton Avenue. Five years later, in 1927, Leo and his landlady were married. It was in 1929 that Mrs. Minnie Kamp, who lived only about three blocks away, a walk of about four minutes from Mrs. Kamp's boarding house, apparently learned for the first time of her husband's new home and entered the scene.

A woman could be expected to believe that she would know almost everything there is to know about a man after she has lived under the same roof with him for seven years, so it is no surprise that the revelation that her husband had married her without divorcing another wife was something of a jolt to Wife Number Two.

Kamp, after her arrest, explained to officers that he had married Mrs. Minnie Kamp in 1915, separated from her and later received a letter from her father that she had divorced him.

At the conference between Wives Number One and Two, Wife Number One relieved the situation of some embarrassment by moving to Ohio. Mrs. Ida Kamp gave another example of her astonishing broadmindedness when she, too, left, after Mrs. Kamp's son, who was living with her, moved to Ohio, into her boarding house to live.

The names of these places are: DAD, Wyo., MUMMIE, Ky.; BROTHERS and SISTERS, Ore.; and GRAMMER, Ind. Children could collect covers postmarked DOLLIE, W. Va. and BICYCLE, N. D. For covers with the name PIPE, N. C. and MAGAZINE, Ala. Mother could collect BRIDGE, Ore., or CLUBB, Mo., and leave POTTS, Nev., and KETTLE, Ky., to Grandma.

Hobbies can be worked out, too. For the artist, ART, Texas; BRUSH, Colo.; CANVAS, W. Va.; INK, Mo., and CRAYON, N. C. Musically inclined folk would be interested in the "E" style, Wyo.; DRUM, Ky.; SAXE, Va.; REEDS, Mo.; ALTO, Ariz.; and BASS, La.

Sports fans can find lots of interesting names, such as GOLF, Ill.; DRIVER, Ark.; IRONS, Mich.; GREEN, Kan.; FLAG, Ark.; BUNKER, Mo.; DIVOT, Texas; ACE, Texas; EAGLE, Neb.; PARR, Ind.; and LOCKER, Texas.

Live with them. She evidenced this same broadmindedness in the middle of February of 1931 when Leo announced that he was going to take a trip to Chicago. The husband, who apparently was a genius for finding convincing explanations, advised his wife that he was going to look for a job. Leo had been a shoe salesman, but had given up that line of work. Then Wife Number Two received a letter with a post-mark from Springfield, Illinois, on a Friday. It was from Leo, who went on to state that he would be home soon.

Leo must have stopped over at Springfield on his way to Chicago, Mrs. Ida Kamp told herself. Living up to his promise, Leo did return soon, showing up at the boarding house on Sunday.

When Leo from that time on began to stay out late at night, and got in the habit of spending his week-ends away from home, even the broadminded Mrs. Ida Kamp started to speculate on the cause of her husband's frequent absence. Even Leo's ready explanation that he had obtained a "rich" job in a brewery didn't entirely meet the situation. Mrs. Ida Kamp didn't believe that brewery were in the habit of working their employees right through a week-end, including Sunday.

But disregarding the whispered conversations of her friends, and poorly veiled hints as to what he had been doing, Leo went on as usual, with almost unbelievable faith, held her peace. And when in December Kamp left home one morning and failed to return, genuinely alarmed, she notified the local bureau of missing persons (fearing her husband might have met with an accident).

What had happened to Leo, it developed, was no accident. Several weeks after Leo's disappearance, Mrs. Kamp received a telephone call which set her to thinking. "Would it surprise you if your husband had married another woman?" the phone voice asked Mrs. Kamp.

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Mrs. Ida Kamp broke the news to Wife Number Three, Mrs. Irene Kamp, who proved to be a young woman in her early twenties. Irene, it developed, had also been doing some heavy speculating regarding her husband's whereabouts on those week nights he spent away from her. Tearsfully she told Mrs. Ida Kamp that she had been doing so during the Christmas holidays of 1932 in the shoe department of a St. Louis store, where she worked under the name of Mrs. Ida Kamp.

Whether as the result of some of Leo's high powered explanations or of her own usual broadmindedness is not clear, but at any rate Mrs. Ida Kamp now declared, "I don't think I'll prosecute that man."

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Hoaxer's Pranks Still Marked In London District

A SOLEMN gentleman, garbed in funeral black, came to the door of the Williams cottage in the Southgate district of London the other day, and tapped at the door. There were queer sounds within, shrieks and other noises. The solemn gentleman sighed. Weeping and waiting for the dead disturbed him. He tapped again, much louder, and a smiling young woman opened the door.

"Madam," said the solemn gentleman, "I came for the body of the deceased."

The young woman stared, open-eyed, mouth agape with amazement.

"You came for—for what?"

"The deceased, a Mr. Williams."

The young woman began to laugh. "Lor' love us," she cried, and then called, "Henry, do come here, my dear."

A grinning young man appeared.

"Doctor Carnus just telephoned me that Mr. Henry Williams had ceased to live—those were his words—and I was to come for the body," the caller explained.

A dozen people were gathered at the door, listening.

"Ceased to live? For what? I've just been married, not two hours ago," Mr. Williams cried.

Mr. Williams stated that he was a living proof that instead of a corpse he was at that moment a healthy, active human at the very peak of whatever happiness is to be attained on earth.

A voice from one of the guests explained it.

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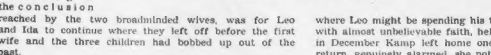
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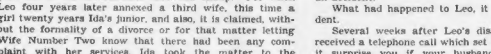
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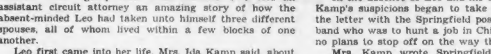
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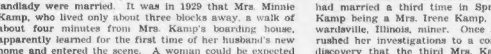
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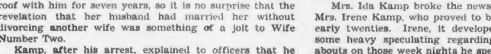
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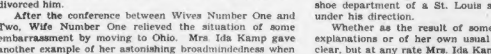
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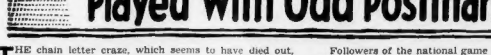
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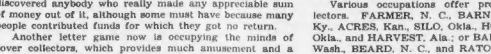
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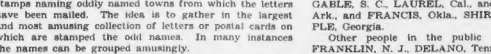
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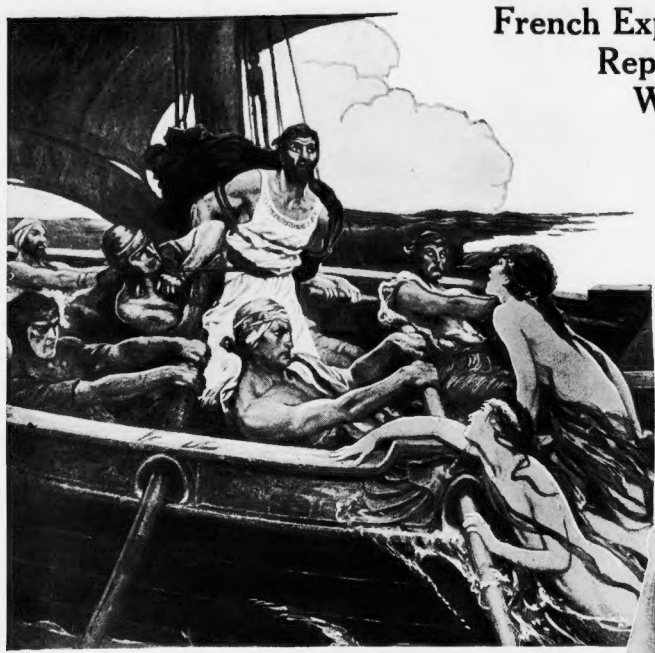


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Hunting For a Tribe of Wild Women "Vamps" in Africa

French Explorers Set Out to Investigate the Reports of a Mysterious Mountain Where the Dwellers Lure Travelers, by Their Fatal Beauty, to Return Never



"Ulysses and the Sirens." From the Painting by Herbert Draper. Stuffing the Ears of His Crew So They Could Not Hear the Cursing Voices of the Fatal Sirens, Ulysses Had Himself Lashed to the Mast, and Thus, in Spite of Their Lures, He Escaped Destruction on the Rocks. The Blond African Vamps Are Said to Be So Beautiful That No Man Who Ever Has Visited Them Has Returned.

MEN have ventured forth in pursuit of sirens since the dawn of history, and have often come to a bad end in consequence, but the lure remains as strong as ever. In proof of this, two daring young explorers, Lieut. Maurice Coche, of the French army, and Roger Frison, both members of the French Alpine Club, have started on a hunt to find a mysterious race of blond sirens in the wilds of Northern Africa.

It is strange how many points of resemblance there are between the alleged sirens of Northern Africa and those of ancient legends. The original siren described by Homer in "The Odyssey" lived in an inaccessible place off the rocky coast of Italy, where they lured sailors to their death by their fascinating irresistible songs. The North African sirens also live in an inaccessible rocky retreat, although not very near the coast, and men are said to have lost their lives through venturing near them.

Throughout history, sirens have shown a tendency to be blond. The blond siren at least appears to be the more deadly species. Some authorities say that the Homeric sirens were of this complexion. Certainly the fabled Lorelei, who lured men to destruction in the falls of the Rhine, was a dazzling blonde.

There is nothing incredible in the existence of blond sirens in Northern Africa. It is well known that there are many people in that part of the world, the Berbers, Touaregs, Kabyles and others, who are either blond or have reddish hair. No great beauties have hitherto been reported among them by travelers, but there is, of course, a possibility of the types concealed in remote regions.

Persistent reports among the natives state that the blond sirens live on the Gara Ti Dhanoun peak in the Hoggar Mountains in Algeria. The legends of the surrounding country are mainly of the Touareg race, and the sirens are supposed to be related to them. These women are said to live in gardens of Eden-like beauty at a spot high up in the mountain. The location suggests the cave of the Lady Venus in "Tannhäuser," "The Garden of Armida" and several other legendary haunts of sin. It is supposed that they live high up the mountain because of the acclimation it affords, and perhaps because the clear and cool atmosphere preserves their delicate blond beauty.

The local natives refuse to approach the peak, for fear they will fall victims of the lures of the sirens, who lose their lives or their liberty. They cite many cases of natives who climbed up the mountain and never returned, two of them quite recently.

Undeterred by the fate, of all their predecessors, Lieut. Coche and M. Frison has set out to face the blond sirens in their fairy-like gardens. They started by automobile for the oasis of Tassou, where they expect to purchase camels and recruit natives for a 745-mile journey across the desert to the mountains.

Coche said that in addition to looking for the sirens in the flesh they would



In Another Part of the World, Archeologists Digging Into the Ruins of Mohenjo Daro, Discovered That There Once Lived Sumerian Enchantresses, Who, With Their Half-Concealed Bodies, Lured Men to Their Destruction. Much as the Legendary Blondes of Africa Are Said to Do. The Photograph Above Was Taken From a Carving Believed to Have Been Modeled After the Sumerian Sirenessees.

investigate the origin of the legends concerning them. Ethnologists are in doubt as to how the white tribes of Northern Africa came to be there, and the explorers will enquire into this matter in the interest of science.

Some French officers and troops before the present expedition approached to within 1,000 feet of the sirens' mountain and found evidences there of life and remains of pottery. They had to make the climb without the help of their native porters, who fled in terror as they reached the lower slopes. The Frenchmen were compelled to abandon their exploration for lack of food and supplies.

It would, of course, be strange to find a community consisting mainly or entirely of women, but not unheard of. In certain stages of Egyptian history the country was entirely controlled by them, and they filled all the important offices keeping a few men only for necessary purposes. Among the ancient Incas of Peru there were several communities of women, and one of them, situated on an inaccessible mountain survived long after the Spaniards conquered the country.

Whatever may be the deadly charms of the mysterious blond sirens of the Gara Ti Dhanoun, there is nothing impossible or even improbable about their existence, for there is no doubt

that there is a blond race widely distributed over Northern Africa. Professor A. H. Keane, of the University of London, and other ethnologists go so far as to express the opinion that the Caucasian race originated there. Even if that were not correct, various white races have settled in Africa, including Greeks, Romans, Vandals and a crusader of several nations.

The Berber race, which is widely distributed over Northern Africa, is white-skinned, with hair ranging from black to blond through red and other shades. The Touaregs, who inhabit the country around the mysterious mountain, belong to the Berber stock and are particularly noted for their blondness.

The men are tall and slim, tanned by exposure to the sun and glare. Blue eyes are not uncommon. The women are more noticeably blond, but on account of their diet are not usually slim. M. Hourst, the French ethnologist, remarks: "The women are pleasing, sometimes even very pretty. Delicate features, big eyes full of expression, and very long hair, parted in the middle and plaited together at the back of the head, give them a charming appearance, but they have absolutely no figures—they are just one mass of fat."

It is not unreasonable to suppose that a select body of women living high up on the mountain have better ideas of beauty culture than the common herd down on the plain, and are alluringly slim.

The oldest thing about the Touaregs is that the men veil their faces, while the women go about unveiled or partly veiled. The preferences of the women are consulted in marriage, the wife enjoys much freedom and exercises great influence. The women are more cultured than the men, and among one tribe, the Agawars, they can always read



There are Many Beautiful Women in Africa. But Most of Them, as in the Photograph Above, Hide Their Faces With Veils, Although Usually They Are Brunettes and Not Fair-Haired Sirens Such as the French Explorers Are Seeking.

and write while it is a rare accomplishment with the men. When the latter are cultivated they spend much of their time writing love poetry to the women.

When the Touaregs go to war they wear chain armor mounted on leather garments and carry double-edged swords and spears. In this equipment they present a remarkable resemblance to the ancient crusaders, which has given rise to a theory that they are descended from some of those warriors who went to North Africa on their way to the Holy Land.

It is fairly certain that the ancient Vandals have left many descendants in this part of the world, and this would perhaps account for the dangerous character of the blond sirens. This fierce Northern European race, big-boned and blond, swept through Southern Europe after the fall of the Roman Empire, founded the Kingdom of Andalusia in Spain, and passed into Africa. They established a very powerful State with many fortified cities and castles.

The Vandal Kingdom in Africa fell to pieces, but there is no reason to believe the race became extinct. It is not unlikely that they made settlements in the mountains, a location which would have been suited to them. Old Herodotus, the father of history, speaks of fair people living on the shores of Africa. In the earliest times of Egyptian history, over 5,000 years ago, a large part of the country was occupied by a race of fair type coming from an African country West of Egypt, that can always read

Another Type of African Beauty, Whose Value Is Attested by the Number of Strange Ear-rings and Brass Hoops Which This Belle Wears at All Times.

where the Berbers and—I shrink back blinded and amazed. I have heard of the beauty of colonial beings, now I saw it; only this beauty, with all its awful loveliness and purity, was evil.

Though the face before me was that of a young woman of certainly not more than thirty years, in perfect health and the first flush of ripened beauty, yet it bore stamped upon it a seal of unutterable experience and of deep acquaintance with grief and passion. Not even the slow smile that crept about the dimples of her mouth could hide this shadow of sin and sorrow. It shone even in the light of those glorious eyes, it was present in the air of majesty."

Ayesha lived somewhere in South Africa, near the country of the Zulus, and far from the region where the French officers are now looking for blond sirens. But it is at least as probable that such a woman or women would be found in North Africa. Pierre Benoit, in his remarkable romance "Atlantide" has placed a cruel Queen of unfading beauty in the North, not a great distance from the region where the sirens are now sought. In fact, it is known that M. Benoit based his story on the legends about the ancient and real Queen Tin-hin, who ruled in the Hoggar country.

In Mohenjo Daro, in faraway North-western India, archeologists have just found traces of a race of fatal sirens, probably blond.

The French explorers, Lieut. Coche and M. Frison, are like heroes of ancient legend with modern improvements. In the very primitive Greek story of Jason and his argonauts, who went on a long journey in search of the Golden Fleece, they encountered Sirens. Orpheus surpassed them in singing, whereupon the maidens cast themselves into the sea and were changed into rocks.

The crafty Ulysses, escaped destruction at the hands of the sirens by stuffing his followers' ears with wax and tying himself to the mast of his vessel until he could no longer hear their siren song.

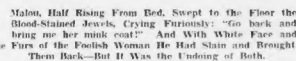
The Lorelei was another legendary character, a dangerous blonde, who lured sailors to their doom on the Rhine, which rises to a height of 427 feet. As in other cases, singing was one of her great allurements. By its power she caused men to lose their senses until they drifted over the waterfall.

Sirens, many and tempting, lay in wait to lure the brave crusaders from their sacred mission. Wagner's most dramatic opera, "Tannhäuser," is based on a legend of this kind. It is significant that she dwelt in a cave in a mountain. In a French version of the legend this place is called Mount Horel, and the charmer is said to have been blond.

According to Tassou, a beautiful sorceress named Armida, inhabiting a palace with an enchanting garden, was accustomed to tempt crusaders from the straight path. Charlemagne sent forth two crusaders with such a potent charm that they were able to resist Armida, who thereupon set fire to her palace, and was slain.

"I gazed above them at her face,

**Not Satisfied With a Fortune in Stolen Jewels, Greedy Malou,
the Mannequin, Forced Her Trembling
Gigolo Lover to Return For
the Costly Furs of the
Woman He Had Betrayed
and Slain For Her**



Let your eyes wander. Look bored, stifle a yawn. Take a look once in a while at the old fool in the milk coat—give her a wink, give her a smile. Now I am going to get jealous and make a scene. You

"My beloved!" he cried, hurling the smirking victim onto the bed in what she probably supposed was cave-manner.

Out on the sidewalk, she said: "I'll go home and wait for you. You can come back and ask Madame Mink Coats for a dance. Tell her I'm waiting."

had procured for him in rehearsal. He had been able to uncork the bottle with his teeth and saturate the handkerchief, but it took both hands to hold her down. Before he could use the chloroform, he had just about, if not entirely, strangled her to death.

When her struggles ceased he removed the costly underwear, wrapped the jewels in it and stuffed the phony money in his pocket. Now all he had to do was remove the chloroformed handkerchief and go. To his terror, the woman was dead. In the frantic hope of making it appear accidental, he filled the tub with water and left her face down in it.

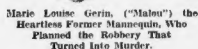
"I expected you'd kill her," was Malou's calm greeting. "What did you do with the coat?"

[illegible]

Though the authorities got a good description of Pierre, they did not know his real name and the pair got back to Brussels unsuspected. But the papers made so much of that milk coat episode and prophesied that it would be seen on the back of the woman for whom the crime was committed that Melon dared not wear it to the studio. Nor the jewels either. These were rapidly sold to fences for about 100 francs.

Soon the screen-struck girl realized that the murder had been committed in vain and she took to drink. It was a painful moment at the night club she out-broke the women by stating that she once had made a man murder another woman for her. Only one person, a young man named Kettle, paid any attention to this utterance. He had heard his father, who was a colonel of gendarmes, tell him a similar description of Paris bath-tub murders.

Kettelle studied the face of Pierre and then telephoned his father. The result was that Pierre Nathan received twenty years penal servitude and his sweetheart fifteen years. Incidentally it has convinced a stern, old colonel that his boy will be worthy of the police uniform.



BRUSSELS, Sept. 14.
"Go back and bring me her pink coat!"

With white face and trembling hands, Pierre Nathan, spendthrift son of a wealthy Belgian shoe manufacturer, poured onto his sweetheart's bed a fortune in jewels which he had just snatched from the murdered form of middle-aged Madame Helene Herel.

But the insatiable young Marie Louise Gerin, glared up at him in angry scorn.

"Stupid!" she cried, "I told you that I wanted her beautiful coat more than anything else. Go back at once and get it for me."

The young man shuddered as he thought of the body he had left floating face-downward in the bathtub. By this time it might have been discovered and the police be waiting for him. He couldn't—she mustn't ask that. It would be insane.

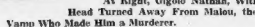
But the heartless siren on the bed threw the jewels in a glittering shower onto the floor as she said:

"Without that coat those count for nothing with me. I will have no more to do with you unless you get it. Go quick, before it is too late."

Infatuation proved stronger than remorse, terror and common sense. Back he went and actually brought it to her, but it was the undoing of them both. In the Brabant Assize Court, at Brussels, the 27-year-old youth told how his 25-year-old mannequin sweetheart had ordered him to make love to the foolish, 45-year-old wife of a rich French grain merchant in order to rob and murder her.

"Liar! Fool! Scion of a pig!" screamed Marie Louise. "I knew nothing of it. The thing was all his own idea." Their passions cooled in the shadow of the gallows, each of the pair succeeded in convicting the other. The story is another case of the modern boy and girl who seem born with a determination to do the wrong thing.

At the age of 16, Marie Louise Gerin, known as Malou, a contraction of her two first names, had such an attractive face and figure that she found steady employment as a mannequin at pay higher than her honest mother could



earn as a steamster. Within a year Malou had learned an even easier way to make money, by winning the somewhat fickle hearts of such men-about-town as she could meet in the Belgian capital. Had her life depended on it, Malou could not have remembered half of those fleeting affairs, but three years ago the deception had made men with money and means ready to follow her back at her mannequin work when she met and captivated Pierre Nathan.

Nathan's father had built up a small but very profitable business manufacturing boots for army officers. When he died, the youth, instead of carrying on the business, sold his interest and quickly went in the money. It was all gone when he met Malou but there was still the expectation of a brilliant fortune almost any day which made him seem worth cherishing as a prospect.

The problem was how to live until Pierre's elderly relative stopped cheating the grave. Malou picked up a few honest francs as a "clothes horse" and a few more, not so honest, from an occasional, stray man-about-town but not enough for the two of them, so Pierre became a gigolo. At that dubious profession he seems to have done rather well from the start.

For this success the mannequin claims credit. A gigolo's profits depend on his ability to make women who are not as young or attractive as they used to be believe that they are fascinating to him. Dressmakers have much the same problem in convincing customers that they will be irresistible in their gowns. As a mannequin in these establishments Malou had picked up some of the most successful tricks of flattery and now passed them on to her lover.

The gigolo may be held in contempt

but, as long as he confines his efforts to wheedling money out of his patronesses, at least he is not violating the law. The main trouble is the temptation of robbing and blackmailing foolish old customers.

As far as known, Pierre kept within the law for more than two years, and might have continued indefinitely if a careless man had not spoken some deadly words to Malou. Malou was about as hard-boiled and cynical as could be imagined. Ordinary flattery meant to her only how much she might get out of the flatterer. One day she met an American moving picture director on his way back to Hollywood. It was only for a few moments,

but in that time he carelessly mentioned that she would be wonderful on the screen. They were poisonous words because Malou never doubted that they were true and promptly decided to be a star at all costs.

When her attempts to get even the smallest part met with rebuffs, she blamed it on her clothes. If she could only sweep into a studio wearing a \$10,000 mink coat and all bejewelled like such movie queens as she had seen, everything would be different. The girl knew that neither honesty nor otherwise could she possibly accumulate any such plunder in many years, even a lifetime. But there was a way, by which her gigolo lover might win it for her, all in one haul and get it be-

This meant going after big game. Therefore they went to Paris, where the richest and vainest women from

all parts of the world come to have their last "twilight fling." Bit by bit Malou let the pliant Pierre know what was expected of him. He was merely to compromise some rich old married fool and rob her. She would not dare complain to the police because it would give her inattentive husband an excuse to divorce her without alimony. For several weeks they prowled through the day and night resorts of Paris and then, at a tea dance in one of the fashionable hotels, Malou suddenly whispered to Pierre:

"There is your woman!"

Pierre beheld a magnificent mink coat walking in. Above it was one of those queer, masklike faces on which a fortune has been spent for lifting and various other forms of rejuvenation. To Malou's delight the woman was alone and took a seat nearby. Pierre says that under the whispered direction of his sweetheart, they "put on an act" for the benefit of the elderly stranger. In this the girl made a great show of vamping him, while whispering all the

The More You Eat, the Sooner You Die

Astonishing Scientific Experiments Which Indicate That Too Much Food Shortens Life, and Intelligent Fasting Now and Then Improves Health and Makes You Live Longer



Two White Rats Born in the Same Litter, One of Which Was Fed Everything He Would Eat, and Who, by Stuffing Himself, Grew Five Times as Large as His Purer Brother, but the Undernourished Rat Lived Twice as Long as the Fatter Rat.



A Queer Old Drawing of the Famous German Field Marshal Matthias Gallas, Who Ate So Much That He Grew So Huge That He Had to Carry His Own Stomach on a Wheeled Cart. In Those Days a Stomach of That Sort Was Regarded as a Badge of Honor, but Modern Scientists Know That Such a Badge Is a Deadly One.



An Old Drawing by the Celebrated Artist Thomas Rowlandson, Illustrating the Gourmandizing Fetees of a Century or So Ago, When Mankind Considered It a Mark of Distinction to Be Literally Overstuffed.

THERE is an old saying that man is the only animal who digs his grave with his teeth, and the most modern scientists are coming to agree with it. Too much food shortens life. For centuries mankind lived in continual fear of too little food, of starvation. Nowadays it would be more sensible to live in fear of too much food, of overeating and of the ill health and early death which are likely to result.

Medical statistics prove that very fat people seldom live to be extremely old. Statistics on millions of human lives collected by life insurance companies show that the longest-lived people are those who are a little underweight as they get elderly, not those who are overweight. People past middle age who still eat too much and weigh too much are considered by life insurance actuaries to be "bad risks." In youth a little overweight may be desirable, as a help in resisting disease, but even then excessive eating and great overweight do not promise a long life.

Last year a Frenchman named Charles Vioet, who already weighed 375 pounds, ate, in the presence of witnesses, what is believed to be the largest meal ever recorded. It consisted of two and one-half pounds each of chicken, fish and mutton, a little more than such of white beans, a whole cheese of the ordinary variety and twenty-nine assorted smaller pieces of other kinds of cheese, with six complete apple-tarts for dessert. The whole was washed down with two bottles of Burgundy, two bottles of Alsatian wine and four bottles of hard cider. So far as reported, Mr. Vioet did not die—at least he has not as yet. But one may be sure that any careful insurance agent would shudder at the thought of writing him a life insurance policy.

Scientists always reject such individual instances. Whether such accidental eaters live or die may be accidental. Only averages matter. Recently the scientists have been able to study this problem of eating and long life in the best way of all, by actual experiment on large numbers of creatures, not human beings but tiny water fleas. Whole colonies of these minute creatures are starved or over-fed to see what happens to their lives without interference from people who would attribute to cruelty to mankind or to animals of the higher species.

Billions of these tiny one-eyed water fleas, which are not really insects but are distant relatives of the crabs and lobsters, are raised nowadays in pet alps to be fed alive to the fishes in the hold aquarium. Instead of feeding them to fish, two scientists of Brown University, Professor Arthur M. Banta and Mr. Lester Ingles, took some of these water fleas and divided them into two groups. To one group they gave plenty of food, which the poor fleas did not have any more sense than to eat immediately just as happens to many human beings. Another group they kept half starved, or perhaps about three-fourths starved, so that these

poor hard-tines fleas scarcely grew at all.

In a short time the two groups of water fleas looked entirely different, those of the well-fed group being much larger and healthier than the others, as though they were older species. But things seemed very different when Mr. Ingles recorded the average birth and death dates of the two flea groups. The fat and well-fed ones lived an average of twenty-seven days. Those that had been half starved all their lives lived an average of forty-seven days. A short and well-fed life may be a merry one among the water fleas as elsewhere, but the well-fed life is not the long one. If Professor Banta's figures could be applied to human beings they would mean that good eaters, for example, might live to an average age of 34 years, while their half-starved fellow human beings lived to be 84.

Critics may object that water fleas are not human beings. Perhaps nature punishes their gluttony more severely than other creatures. But an almost exactly similar record is reported from Cornell University, covering a study of white rats.

Dr. C. M. McCay and Miss Mary F. Crowell of that university took different groups of rats and fed them on different diets. Just as Professor Banta and Mr. Ingles did with water fleas, one rat community got plenty of food, even more than they needed although not quite enough that their natural gluttony would make them seek. Other groups got less food, although not half-starved ones. The result was the same as with the water fleas. The well-fed rats did not thrive and died much sooner than the half-starved ones. In most of the experimentation on diets, a great deal



Ninon de Lenclos, the Famous French Beauty, Who Lived to Be Ninety Years Old, and Who, It Was Said, Had So Perfectly Her Diet by Frequent Fasting, That When She Died She Retained the Fresh Skin and Clear Eyes of a Woman a Third of Her Age.

of which has been carried out with laboratory rats it usually is assumed that anything which makes human babies grow as fast as possible is the best thing for them. The respective merits of different brands of baby food often are judged, even by doctors, merely on the ground of which food makes the babies grow faster.

The Cornell experiments cast doubt on both of these conclusions. It is not certain, of course, that long life is the only goal which human beings seek. It is desirable to be in good health and to have as much bodily vigor as possible while one is alive. Yet long life certainly is one part of what every man and woman wants from Nature and from their bodily constitutions, and the Cornell data indicates that this



This Pretty Japanese Girl Is Examining One of the Famous "Beard Trees" Raised by Her Countrymen. This Tree, 100 Years Old, Has Been Blighted by Systematic Underfeeding of the Soil, Yet It Is as Tough as a Tree 100 Times Its Size.

points in the same direction as the facts about rats and fleas. Dr. Harrison S. Martland is a well-known New Jersey physician, chief medical examiner of Essex County and possibly the foremost authority on sudden and mysterious deaths in the United States. Last summer, at the meeting of the New York State Medical Society at Utica, New York, he reported on 1,000 cases of sudden death which he had been called upon to study. Most of these instances of unexpected deaths happened, he estimated, to people between 40 and 60 years old. It is unusual for a young person to appear in health to come to an abrupt end.

A large percentage of these sudden deaths of elderly people by Dr. Martland himself on wrong eating habits, on too much eating in general and on eating too much of certain kinds of food which Dr. Martland believes are unhealthy for elderly people. An unexpectedly large percentage of the people who died suddenly were found to be elderly and overweight. Worry and emotional upset of any kind are likely to carry these people off, but it is not the mental upset that is chiefly responsible. The major cause may be traced to overeating.

Another interesting fact which may be a confirmation of the belief that too much food causes premature deaths is that the recent world-wide depression of business did not cause the slump in public health and the rise in the average death rate which the physicians

who health experts expected would result. Unusually, the depression had no effect on the number of deaths. The number of deaths was about the same as in the years before the depression. Even, well known facts as to the health of the nation happened. The average of the deaths of the nation was about the same as in the years before the depression. The average of the deaths of the nation was about the same as in the years before the depression.

A possible explanation of this surprising fact is that the average American family was eating less much in the boom days and that poverty, to cause everybody eat less was a real blessing in disguise.

Finally, there is some human evidence on that comes from recent tests of fasting in Russia. As a means of preserving health and some of warding off disease.

No one knows for sure what is the exact time that any human being has gone without food and survived. Ordinarily, fasts of from forty to sixty days have been recorded. In some cases, fasts of from two to three weeks have been recorded. In some cases, fasts of from two to three weeks have been recorded. In some cases, fasts of from two to three weeks have been recorded.

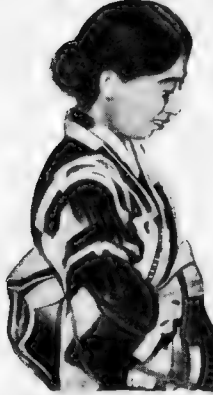
In another recent instance, a man fasted continuously for 30 days and, strangely, seemed to improve in general health. Another fast was prolonged for 30 days and, strangely, seemed to improve in general health. Another fast was prolonged for 30 days and, strangely, seemed to improve in general health.

Professor Gerasimov is really as yet to assert that fasting is always beneficial, or even often beneficial. For 30 days, gold does agree, however, that a fast for two or three weeks, conducted under the supervision of a physician, will do the average individual no harm and may do good. How such fasting affects the average length of life no one seems to have tested.

However this may be, everything seems to indicate that less food might be a good thing for health and long life for most people, although it probably is wise to keep in touch with one's doctor meanwhile to make sure that none of the vitamins, mineral salts or other necessary food materials is being omitted altogether.

"A Trip to Hell in an Elevator"

Experiences of an Editor of Japan's Leading Newspaper, Who Went Down 1200 Feet Into the Seething Crater of "Suicide Volcano" to Disillusion and Discourage the Unhappy Throngs Who Were Hurling Themselves Into the Fiery Pit



Miss Miko Ueki, of the Iken Girls' High School in Tokyo, Who Started the Suicide Epidemic by Plunging Into the Volcano.

TOKIO, Japan.
DEEPER down into the smouldering pit of an active volcano than any man has gone and come back alive, went Dr. Tokuzo Iwata of the Yomiuri Shimbun, one of the largest metropolitan newspapers in Tokio, recently. He was lowered in a gondola weighing over a ton and swung down from a crane, into the almost perpendicular precipice which forms the crater of Mt. Mihara, a majestic volcano in the beautiful Bay of Tokio.

Into this inferno thousands upon thousands of Japanese lovers have hurled their bodies, believing that they would find eternal peace there.

To solve the mystery behind the choice of this volcano as a lovers' suicide tryst, was one of the principal ideas behind Dr. Iwata's mind in making his excursion into the forbidding regions below. Last year alone more than 800 persons ended their lives in this fiery abyss.

A trip to Hell in an elevator—this is the way Dr. Iwata described his journey into the scorching, smoking lovers' graveyard, enveloped in a mass of the most deadly poisonous gases.

Down, down, down—500 feet, 1,000 feet, 1,200 feet—straight "into the mouth of Hell" went Dr. Iwata. Finally at 1,250 feet the gondola struck a ledge. As he peered out into the darkness, he could faintly make out the ill-defined forms of two persons less than six feet away. An ery feeling crept upon him and he shuddered.

Was the crater haunted by spooks? Could the bodies before him be those of Miko Ueki and Kiyoko Matsumoto, who had flung themselves into Mihara and started the suicide craze? People said that the ghosts of these two rose in the smoke that curled into the skies and could be seen on moonlit nights beckoning unhappy lovers to join them. Was the crumbling crater of Mihara actually haunted by the spectre of these two youthful lovers?

These were some of the questions that Dr. Iwata asked himself as he peered at the bodies before him. But this was only the beginning of his strange and terrifying experience in the bottomless pit of Japan's now world-famed suicide volcano.

In an interview with The American Weekly, Dr. Iwata compared the almost unendurable suffering to which he was subjected in Mihara's fiery pit, with Dante's classic description of Hell's lowest depth, where Satan weeps, from his six eyes, tears of bloody foam.

Dante, in his terrible picture of the infernal regions shows many degrees of misery and suffering, as he travels downward with his guide toward the lowest pit of all. He shows flakes of fire falling upon the miserable creatures and other sinners writhing in hot pitch.

While Dr. Iwata is probably not a very bad sinner, his experiences in the Hades he found deep down in Mihara's crater were just as shocking as those that Dante so realistically describes.

True he did not weep bloody foam but his eyes became filled with scalding tears and smarted in the terrible heat.

But the thing which, more than anything else, caused Dr. Iwata to marvel at the terrifying picture he encountered 1,250 feet below the smouldering surface of Mihara, was the similarity in what he beheld and the immortal description which Dante, who certainly could not have made an excursion into this graveyard of the lovers, had imagined.

All hideous forms of suffering are shown by Dante, as he works his way down through the various grades of torment, beyond the door on which is written, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." All about him are the most miserable of the dwellers in Hell. Some with their heads barely showing. One, imprisoned forever and beyond hope in that wretched abode, turns and gnaws at the skull of another.

Dante's characters were alive, but those which Dr. Iwata beheld were dead, which made them all the more hideous. As he peered down on their bodies, Dr. Iwata could well imagine how they, also, had perished in pain as had the unhappy creatures in Dante's tale. Because of the darkness he could not actually see the mountains of skeletons which he is convinced are to be found on the ledges in Mihara's crater, but it was a simple thing to visualize their existence in that awesome hole.

"All hope abandon ye who enter here," were the words which were written on Dante's door to Hades. The words which Dr. Iwata encountered as he made his descent and which were painted on several signposts on the edge of the crater, were almost of the same meaning. They admonished lovers who sought death: "Do not abandon hope; Do not enter Mihara's pit."

The idea of making a descent down Mihara's crater was Dr. Iwata's own. The busy assistant city editor of the Yomiuri Shimbun, one of Japan's leading metropolitan journals, he is an ardent student of volcanology. He felt that if he could prove that death in Mihara's pit was not the lovely end which many Japanese imagined it to be, but a hideous and miserable death to be compared only with Dante's description of the infernal regions, fewer lovers would seek "happiness forever after" in its majestic pit.

"Recently," he said, "people have flocked to



Dr. Tokuzo Iwata, of the Editorial Staff of the Tokio Yomiuri Shimbun, in His Asbestos Suit and Oxygen Mask as He Took His Place in the Gondola Before Being Lowered Into the Inferno of the Volcano.

Mihara to commit suicide in the fantastic belief that their bodies would vanish forever. Their idea is that death is immediate and painless and that their souls rise up to heaven in the smoke into which their bodies are transformed on reaching the bottom of the pit.

"If the foolish superstition of these deluded people can be shattered and the pitiful condition of the bodies of the hundreds of suicides revealed in their true condition, roasting on the ledges of the crater, people will soon convince themselves that the mountain possesses no mystic power and this, undoubtedly, will put an end to the suicide craze."

After consulting the proprietor of the Yomiuri Shimbun and the leading seismologists and volcanologists in the country, Dr. Iwata decided to descend into Mihara's crater. Unlike the pit of most volcanoes, that of Mihara descends almost perpendicularly, making it impossible for anyone to walk down its edge. It was undoubtedly very largely for this reason that Mihara was chosen as a suicide tryst by so many persons. For the same reason, Dr. Iwata, and the men who were assisting him in his remarkable exploration, found it impossible to get him down safely without the aid of some special device. After consulting experts they decided that a gondola, attached to one end of a cable on the outstretched arm of a crane, would be the safest way.

For this it was necessary to erect a crane and to carry the gondola and a 100-horsepower engine up the slopes of Mt. Mihara. This took several days, but finally the crane was firmly set, the cast-iron gondola made ready and experiments begun with animals to test the deadly qualities of the gases in the volcano.

First a canary bird and a mouse were lowered down into the crater. These creatures were selected because they are extremely sensitive to poisonous gases—they died within a few minutes.

Next a marmot, a rabbit and a monkey were placed in the cage and lowered a thousand feet. In this test it was found that while the smaller



The Last That Was Seen of the Steel Gondola Holding the Enterprising Editor. His Instruments as It Disappeared Into the Sulphurous Mists.

creatures suffered considerably, the monkey was able to survive for a considerable time in the crater of an active volcano. The only ill effect suffered by the Yomiuri's monkey was that it temporarily lost the use of its legs; a temporary paralysis.

After scientific study of the result of these experiments on animals, Dr. Iwata made ready for his descent. He wore a special heat-resisting mask to which was attached an oxygen container, and a fire-proof uniform. He wore an earphone and had contact with those outside by means of a telephone. Thermometers, glass containers, a pick and axe and other necessary implements were then placed into the gondola.

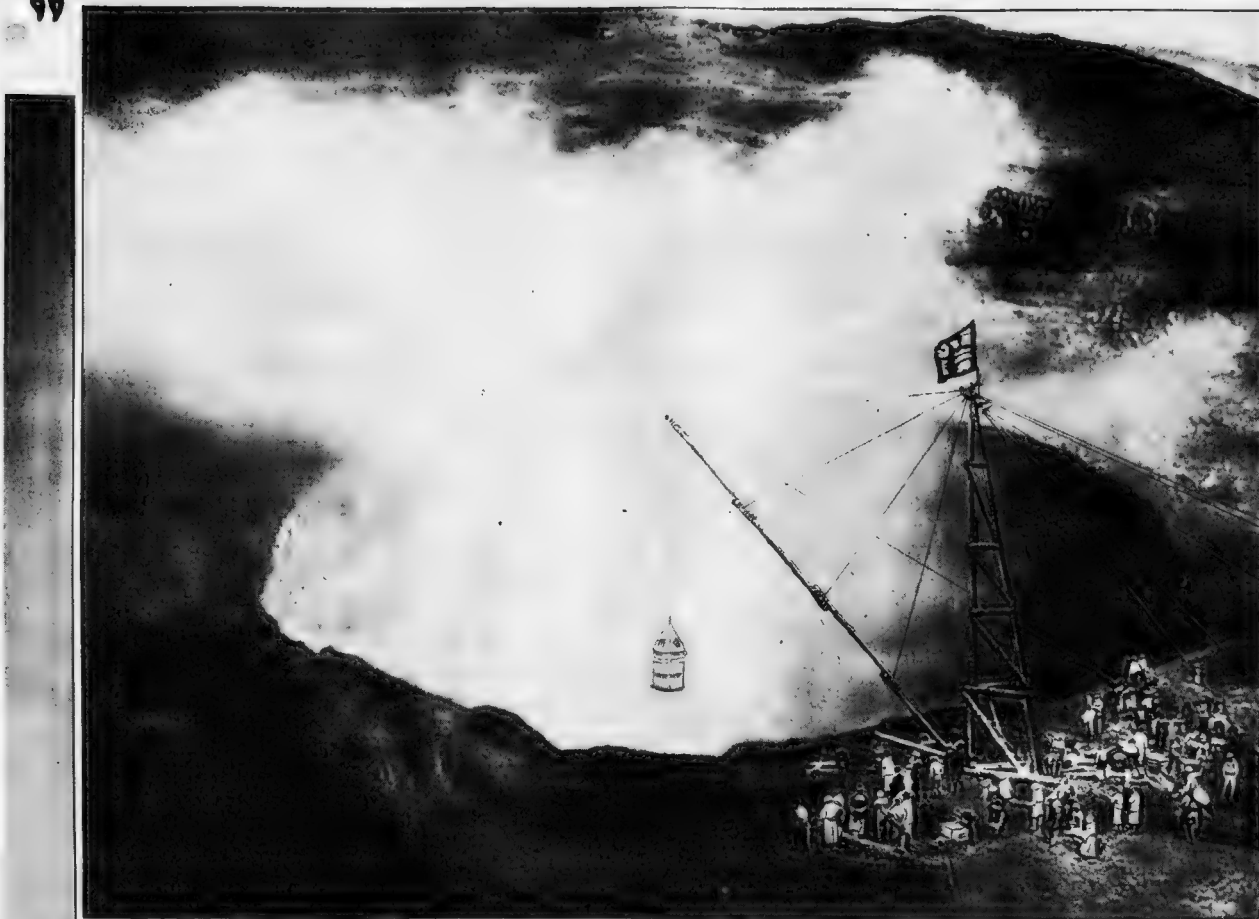
This done the cage was swung out into the crater. Gradually the cable was slackened. Down, down, went the gondola. The tiny figure of Dr. Iwata could be seen waving a little bit of a flag, the emblem of the Rising Sun, to the group of men who stood on the edge of the crater. Soon, the gondola was enveloped in smoke and vanished into the darkness below.

Inside the cage, smiling at first, stood Dr. Iwata.

"The sensation of descending was almost as though I were on an elevator," he said. "The only difference was that the gondola frequently swayed from one side to another. A stiff wind generally blows on the summit of Mihara and, although the conveyance was over a ton in weight, it rocked considerably."

"Lower and lower the gondola sank. Its speed slackened. Soon I could sense the intense heat. Breathing became more difficult and my pulse quickened. At 1,000 feet I could see very little about me. The speed at which the gondola was let down became even slower. But everything was going on as planned."

"Then, suddenly, and without warning, there was a terrible noise. I was thrown up about three inches in my cage. The first terrifying sound was



Photograph Made at the Summit of Mihara, Showing the Derriek and Arm Set Up With Hoisting Engine on the Edge of the Seething Crater of the Volcano as the Metal and Asbestos-lined Gondola Was Lowered Down Into the Seething Pit.



Photograph Showing the Monkey Which Was Lowered Down Into the Poisonous Gases, as a Test, Being Revived With a Hypodermic Stimulant After He Had Been Brought Up From the Pit.

to make my way out. Push as I would, however, the door refused to budge more than two or three inches.

"The gondola had settled with one side against the precipice. The door was almost directly against the edge of the crater. I asked to have the arm of the crane moved. This was done, but the gondola failed to settle properly. So I had to give up the idea of leaving the cage.

"I looked out of the window and as I peered into the darkness again, I shuddered. Less than six feet away were the forms of a man and a woman.

Undoubtedly both were dead. After communicating my discovery to those above, I was asked to bring the bodies up, or at least to obtain something from their clothing that would identify them.

"This was a difficult task, but I set about it as best I could. With the door of the gondola tightly caught against the precipice, all I could do was lean far out of the window as possible, and, with a mountaineer's staff, tear a piece of the clothing off the man.

"This done, I looked down from the opposite window. Below me, some feet lower, there evidently was another 'an' much larger ledge. Perhaps it was on this projecting lava formation that the bodies of most of the suicides were heaped. Probably the outstretched forms of these miserable creatures lay roasting there. Like that distorted faces in Dante's inferno, these creatures seemed to be staring at me. All about me there seemed to be the most miserable forms."

Dante, in his picture of Hell, shows many degrees of misery and suffering, as he travels downward with his guide toward the lowest pit of all. Dr. Iwata declares that he went through all this as he stood peering down into the darkness below. The terrific noises, the scorching heat and the knowledge that somewhere nearby were the skeletons of thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of wretched creatures, tormented him.

But as he stood there imagining these things, he was suddenly reminded that his supply of oxygen was giving out. His breathing became difficult. His respiration increased.

Forgetting the corpses for a while, he got out his infra-red ray camera and commenced photographing the crater. He then took up two bottles, filled with water, and emptied them. These bottles were for the purpose of bringing up a supply of gases. They were purposely filled with water so that on being brought into the crater and emptied, they would become filled with the air at that spot,

which otherwise would not be the case except with a vacuumated container.

After collecting a few samples of lava formations and volcanic rocks, Dr. Iwata gave the order to raise the gondola. The crane started winding the cable and the heavy cast-iron cage commenced moving upwards.

As there evidently was no need for caution now, the engine was run at full speed. Up, up, up, climbed the gondola. Then, suddenly, it struck a projecting rock. There was a thud, Dr. Iwata was knocked against the wall of his cage. One side of the gondola went up into the air and Dr. Iwata was nearly thrown out.

The moment he came to his senses he ordered the crane stopped. What the men above had forgotten was that while the gondola was resting on the ledge, Dr. Iwata had ordered the arm of the crane moved to the opposite direction so that he might open the door of the cage. When this was done, the position of the gondola was changed.

Without realizing this the men above, thinking that as nothing impeded the journey of the gondola downwards, nothing would stop its upward trip, wound the cable at full speed to give relief to Dr. Iwata as soon as possible. The result was almost disastrous.

As it was, when Dr. Iwata was finally helped out from the gondola, one of the gas bottles was broken. Physicians examined Dr. Iwata and found that his pulse and respiration were double normal and there was a considerable increase in his blood pressure. His hair was singed.

The physician decided that, although the fire-proof uniform which Dr. Iwata wore kept his body from being scorched, the tremendous physical suffering imposed on him indicated that in making descents into the craters of volcanoes, one should, as in the case of a deep-sea diver, have air pumped into the uniform as well as in the helmet.

While Dr. Iwata was primarily seeking to solve the mystery behind the Mihara love suicides and to put a halt to them, his investigations have also resulted in significant scientific discoveries. Among other things he ascertained that there is helium, something rarely found outside of the United States, far down in the crater of Mihara.

By taking infra-red ray photographs within the pit and bringing up samples of gases as well as pieces of volcanic rocks, Dr. Iwata has enabled the scientists in Tokio's Imperial University, the highest institution of learning in the Orient, to obtain new and important data on volcanology and seismology, the study of earthquakes.

There is a very close relation between volcanoes and earthquakes. This explains why the Japanese are so earnest in their study of seismology. Being rocked by terrific tremors at frequent intervals,

they are anxious to find out whether it is possible to forecast their tremors. This is best done by studying the behavior of volcanoes. Smouldering pits dot the Japanese archipelago from one end to the other.

Of all the countries in the world, it was Italy for many generations which boasted the greatest knowledge regarding earthquakes. This was because, molested by volcanic eruptions and earth tremors since time immemorial, the Italians have conducted special studies into seismology and volcanology.

It was an Italian scientist, moreover, who held the record for the deepest descent into the crater of an active volcano until Dr. Iwata made his now famous excursion. The Italian descended 800 feet into the crater of Stromboli. This record was bettered by more than 450 feet by Dr. Iwata.

Discussing the question of volcanoes, the promoters of the Yomiuri Shimbun's expedition explain that before deciding to carry out their plans, many of the outstanding scholars, including noted seismologists, were consulted. They all welcomed the idea and urged the enterprising newspaper to assist them by conducting scientific studies into the crater. It is a fact not well known that more than two-thirds of all the world's two hundred-odd active volcanoes are in Japan.

"Volcanology in Japan has been merely a part of seismology, and very little actual study has been conducted in the craters of our volcanoes. There is very little room to doubt, however, that there is a close connection between earthquakes and volcanoes. Consequently, as this country has often been rocked by disastrous quakes and many of our richest centres demolished, the need of studying the behavior of volcanoes is of the utmost importance to the nation. Perhaps by doing this it may become possible in future to predict earthquakes."

Shortly after Dr. Iwata's trip to Mihara's crater the Yomiuri assigned its star photographer, Mr. Shotoku Magara, to photograph, if possible, the bodies of the suicides which Dr. Iwata beheld. Although Mr. Magara made several exposures, none of these turned out satisfactorily, due, no doubt, to the unusual photographic conditions in the crater.

It is claimed that some of the infra-red ray photographs have proved of considerable value to volcanologists. They show the shape of the pit clearer than ordinary films. These were presented to the Imperial University, but no report of their scientific value has yet been made. Consequently, until the scientists at the university publish their findings of the photographs as well as of the gases, which were also presented to them, nothing definite can be stated regarding the exact scientific value of the expedition.

followed by ominous rumblings, and on each occasion the gondola quivered. Mihara was erupting!

"I shouted through the telephone a warning to those above. The engine was put into reverse and run at full speed. The gondola commenced to rise. I felt my pulse. It was racing at what I thought was double its ordinary rate. I did not know whether this was because of the heat or due to fright, but I made a mental note of it nonetheless.

"In a minute or two the rumbling below became quieter and finally ceased altogether. I asked that the engine be stopped, and inquired regarding what had happened. The men above, in turn, asked me what had occurred. Evidently they were not aware of the terrific noise which had caused me such fright. They assured me there had been nothing unusual outside of the slight rumblings such as are heard every few minutes.

"Thus reassured, I courageously ordered the gondola lowered again. But in my heart there was now some doubt regarding the advisability of going through with my plans. At 1,000 feet below the surface, the slight rumbling that is heard at the summit sounded like a hundred thunderbolts.

"But this was not the time to lose courage. The gondola started its downward trip once more. This time it continued its descent until it reached 1,250 feet. There was a slight jolt as the cage struck a ledge."

The gondola came to a stop and Dr. Iwata peered about him. At first he could see nothing, but as his eyes became accustomed to the dark, he was able to make out the forms of several volcanic rocks. But let him describe his experience.

"I decided to get out and do a little exploring," he said. "I released the lock of the door and tried

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*2/3
of their lives
they are
far apart*



But $\frac{1}{3}$ OF THEIR LIVES THEY ARE ALIKE!



BOTH CAN AFFORD "MILLIONAIRE SLEEP" ONLY $2\frac{1}{4}$ ¢ A NIGHT

"I AM on my feet most of the day," a young housewife explained. "My husband works hard, too. We haven't a lot of money, but we must have the best sleep." She decided on a famous mattress scientifically constructed for sleep.

As she left the store, the salesman who had been waiting on her said: "This very morning I sold that same mattress to one of the richest women in New York."

Both had bought a Simmons Beautyrest Mattress!

All over America the Beautyrest is found in the most modest as well as the richest homes. For it is *not expensive*! Its cost is only $2\frac{1}{4}$ cents a night's rest!

Accommodates all Sleep Positions. Scientific research proved that the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress accommo-

dates every one of the 20 to 45 sleep positions needed for complete rest of the entire body—every nerve, every muscle.

Curl up—Stretch out—Sprawl—No matter how you lie on the Beautyrest, you are utterly relaxed. The Beautyrest's 837 coils, each in its own individual pocket, freely respond to your slightest movement, give just the yielding support your body needs for complete, undis-

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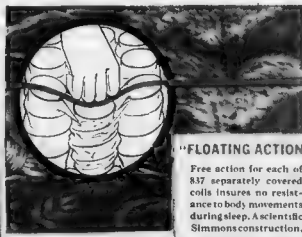
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Beautyrest \$39.50 Deep Sleep \$29.50 Box Springs to \$19.50. See the King Mattress and Co. Springs at 125 W. 4th St. Ask to see the Act Spring—the nearest coil spring development to provide a proper foundation for unit spring mattresses. Simmons Company, 222 N. Dearborn, Chicago, Ill. New York San Francisco, Atlanta, Los Angeles, Dallas, Seattle, Wash. Largest makers of Beds, Springs, Mattresses, Studio Couches and Metal Furniture.



SAG-PROOF EDGE

Exclusive feature. Edges cannot squish—buoyancy insured throughout—by outer row of coils attached to pre-built border.



"FLOATING ACTION"

Free action for each of 837 separately covered coils insures no resistance to body movements during sleep. A scientific Simmons construction.



BEAUTIFUL APPEARANCE

Expertly made inside and out. Of handsome, enduring coverings, in a choice of lovely patterns and colors. Any woman is proud to own a Beautyrest.

SIMMONS

Beautyrest

The Love Death of Josephine Knight

(Continued from Page 11)

pretty steady grind. You don't look very well."

The young man's face set in vague hostility. There was no mistaking the resentment in his eyes. Garwin, with the tact that was an essential quality of his office, continued in gentle tones:

"It isn't worth it, wearing out the fire and energy of your youth and for what? To be a state attorney some day? The worst of it is," he added in softer tones, "that if you wear out too much of that energy you won't be worth a tinier bit of a state attorney or anything else."

Greva's face changed entirely and his mouth and eyes took on the beginning of his famous smile.

"I certainly ought to be grateful to you for the brotherly advice."

Paternal, amiable Garwin quickly:

"Grey laughed outright."

"I'm serious," Garwin insisted. "Before I'm determined to beat you in that 500-yard tussle at the club swimming pool—let me see, about 11:30."

Next Saturday," volunteered Grey. "But there isn't a chance, you know. My swimming's up to scratch and I'll be as fresh as a daisy."

Then with a gesture of determination he dropped his hat between them and faced his companion squarely.

"Look here, Garwin, if you see the Tenyks' in out there," and he gave the general direction of the building, "tell Helen not to let it touch at the Leightons. Neil and Helen are absent-minded."

as the desire about social functions."

"Of course I will," said Garwin. "You don't know just where they're headed for?"

No, and it isn't important enough to chase them," Grey explained with an apparent effort to make light of his request. "Besides, they're out in the Love, on one of their long disappearing jaunts. I think, and in that case they'll be like the needle in the haystack."

And with an abrupt but friendly gesture of farewell he turned quickly and strode away.

"Not important enough to chase them?" thought Garwin grimly.

Unfortunately it was apparent to him and to almost everyone who played golf or went boating with the more well-to-do residents of Exton that Helen Tenysk was the most "important" thing in life to Leonard Grey.

So that was what he had been looking for all morning, a sight of Neil and Helen Tenysk in their cruiser?

He would get over it in time, mused Garwin, when he became reconciled to the fact that the Tenysk marriage had ended in one of those placid unions that didn't need the remedy of divorce because of its very placidity.

Helen Tenysk had a deep regard and affection for young Grey, but she did not see in him any reason for disrupting the quiet tenor of her life. For seven years she had been the wife of Neil Tenysk and she appeared perfectly content to remain so.

Leonard Grey, for whom Helen Tenysk was an object of deep



"The cruiser, instead of getting out of the way, steered right into us."

and blind adoration could not understand the intimacy with which she had reconciled herself to the presence of her son-in-law with her husband. To him, so loving a woman must not be accepted indifferently, but must be a shrine for constant worship.

Despite his prayers and pleadings, however, the wife of the powerful politician, at present state chairman of the party, continued content with her friends, her social life and her wealth utterly unresponsive to the love which Leonard Grey offered her.

It was a great pity, thought Garwin.

But why concern himself with all this? As far as he was his blase cynicism, to his launch and the lake and sailing radiance of the clouds that so successfully defied grim predictions of mere man.

If he saw Helen Tenysk, he would give her the young man's message. If he did not, so much the worse for Leonard Grey.

What he could not foresee was that there would be many storms, bitter ones, and not only of the clouds before the world would see one of the Tenyks' again.

CHAPTER II.

A Midnight Call.

TOM WELLS, County Sheriff, had no ill appearance about the weather that memorable and to all appearances peaceful Friday, because Tom Wells had illusions about nothing. That undoubtedly was the reason—by his own explanation—for his becoming a plain-clothes man early in life. He knew that nothing and no one could be labeled what their outward appearance claimed them to be. Underneath there was always something—rotten.

The only trouble with this really capable official was that he took little account of the things said by people that looked dirt and turned out to be bright. If the morning sun was obscured by thick clouds and there were ominous rumblings in the sky, Wells would wear his well-worn "can-you-expect-from-a-black-bird" expression, but if suddenly the mist would clear and the gay splashes of sunlight would flood the air, the great sleuth would shrug his shoulders and remark:

"You can tell how long it will last."

Nevertheless there was no doubting the fact that according to the Wells philosophy the sun was an unexpected mistake that was bound to vanish, and the clouds were what an all-designing and malicious nature had intended as a normal state of affairs.

So he wasn't in the least surprised when about sundown the sky that for days had looked almost impossibly bright became a dirty, heavy gray, and the great tops of naked trees started to sway to the dreary incantation of a spiteful wind. He reasoned, quite correctly, that since coy southern nature had beguiled her stupidly trusting children for so long a period, her punishment would be lenient.

Cook County was soon to know to its horror how lasting this punishment was to be.

By nine o'clock that night the cities and towns about Lake Michigan were in the furious grip of a mad, destructive gale that lashed and tore and ripped through anything that stood in its way to the fury of a demon.

The vast and gaily-plumed gathering at the Leightons could shut itself within long, brilliant, wind-tight windows and drown out this unwelcome intruder with noise and laughter, and a general feeling of security was born in the thousands of other houses, where the storm reared somehow woefully aloof and all too close to an outer wall that was being

pitilessly beaten by rain and wind, there was neither gust nor noise, but a sort of humbled terror.

Even among the Leightons there was one whose terrible fear and unhappiness could not be lightened by the bright rays from crystal domes nor the sound of bubbling chatter and cheerfully merry music. Leonard Grey roamed through the rooms, past scores of men and women, seeming not to see or hear them.

He made his way to a deserted, darkened saloon, and there he could hear the sharp whip and cut of the storm against the immense glass sheets that surrounded the room.

He was becoming so desperate in his anxiety that for the first time since he had known Neil Tenysk he felt for the man a deep destructive hate.

He has no right to take Helen out in these treacherous October days! He has no right to Helen at all!

The wretched man in the saloon groaned and pressed his face against the cold glass of the windows.

Where are they now? Where is she? Why haven't they come yet? Don't let them forget to come!

And Garwin seen them out there?

He must try to find out something about the Tenyks' somehow. He could not go out here much longer, with a tense white face and the story of his agony in his eyes.

With a forced smile and words of easy banter, he passed with excellent success back through the lines of fun-makers and made his way downstairs in a deserted moon which he knew no one could have occasion to enter.

When he emerged a few minutes later, he approached his hostess with an air partly of annoyance and partly of preoccupation. As she looked up at him, his bright questioning in her eyes, he made a great deal of consulting his watch, and she would when he spoke were hurried and apologetic.

I could kill that rattle-brained assistant of mine, Helen. He never told me about some date that absolutely had to be ready by the morning. I've had a call. I must go. I'm in utter disgrace, I know. But—

And he flashed her his smile that had put the right tune of helplessness in it. Now Leonard's smile was not a thing that any woman could lightly ignore, so Helen, though she had already decided to be very angry, could find that she was liking her arm through his and was walking with him from the door.

"But Leonard, how can you go out in this stupid weather? This was protesting."

"It is so very important. Can't you let it slide?"

"I wish I could, but it's impossible. That informal dinner boy I want. I'll get Chittick to bring your car around. Or do you want a cab?"

"No, my car is here somewhere. Where is Chittick oh, here?"

And he handed the man who appeared at this moment a bunch of keys and gave him directions as to where his car was.

"This is too disappointing!" This time there was no Leonard Grey smile to help Helen swallow her annoyance.

"First Neil and Helen and now you. That informal dinner boy! That madman's persuasion! He makes her so unpleasant to be near."

When a pity it felt! But don't, says persuasion, oh, so easy to avoid with Mum!"

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant. Then you're safe for the whole day! And nothing you'll like—use MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION.

Mrs. Leighton could not pass up so admirable a chance to be main and she had her reward in the slow red that mounted Leonard Grey's cheeks bones after he recede and leave gray patches where the deep dust had just been.

Where are they, do you know, Leonard? I tried to get them by phone."

"You tried to get them?" his words were very studied. "And did you succeed?"

No. The servants tried to tell me they were out in the launch. Perfectly ridiculous! As if anyone would go jaunting out on the lake in weather like this."

But the weather was not like this during the day," he reminded her.

"Perhaps not," she answered curtly, "but it has been like this long enough to have given them time to come back and get here."

"That's what I—" Grey was on the verge of saying he wondered if it had given them time to get back to land in time to avoid the onslaught, but he changed his mind and said instead: "In any case I'm sorry to be doing this, Eileen. Those papers—"

And with a few more words of apology and regret, he ran down the steps to his waiting car.

Mrs. Leighton could see that the door was opened to let her guest out, that the storm had exhausted itself to a state of calm.

She sighed, for no reason at all, glanced mechanically at her jeweled watch, and saw that it was eleven o'clock.

Who can say what it was that had made Helen Leighton look so pale and nervous and accompany him to the door, so that long afterwards she realized she had retained two impressions—first, that the rain was falling gently and the sun was shining brightly, secondly, that it was eleven o'clock when her naughty guest deserted her party.

Leonard had many times given pressing business as an excuse for his absence or for his being called away from a gathering, and never before for this had he borne any consequences or caused him a tinge of conscience.

It was one of the intricate social rules making excuses. But unhappily in this case, he and Eileen Leighton and those who stood about her were never allowed to forget that it had been an excuse.

An excuse for what?

Tom Wells, county sheriff, had

waited of looking at the storm, had read and re-read his paper, had even played a few games of "Napoleon" and finally had decided that even though the storm were letting up, it was too late to get out anywhere, so he started to entertain the idea of going to bed. The day had ended in a blacker mood than he had ever remembered, he told himself grimly, and there had probably been plenty of dirty work about which would mean a busy day tomorrow.

As he undressed he was conscious of a feeling of mental comfort. Anyway the heavy rain had become a soft drizzle and he could sleep. A storm or sound of pouring rain would make him toss restlessly about, and so he felt unusually grateful that the recent cloudiness of the year had been pretty after all. That would be a welcome treat.

It was a treat he would not know.

It seemed to him that he had hardly slept an hour, before he heard the insistent, harsh jangle of the telephone. He raised himself drowsily and reached for the instrument with one hand, while the other he twisted into position so the luminous face of the watch on his wrist would come within his line of vision.

It was twelve o'clock. A new day and pitch dark!

Helen, what's the matter?" he was yawning into the mouthpiece.

"Come over quick," came a voice shaking with nervous excitement.

"Sure!" drawled Wells, his brain still his voice contemptuous. "Where to—heaven?"

"No, no!" the voice at the other end gulped hastily. "The Tower Ridge Yacht Club!"

"The Tower Ridge?" shouted Wells now thoroughly awake and mystified. "What do you want to drag me out there at this hour of the morning for?"

"There's been a collision! It's Schwabacher's Happy Trout! The Tenysk's here at the clubhouse, and—Neil Tenysk's missing!"

A few minutes Wells was dressed and on his way to the yacht club. Before he left the house, however, he took the precaution of calling up Jerry Doyle, his new assistant, and instructed

(Continued on Page 18)

"You can make Rough Skin Smooth...by melting away dry worn-out Cells that cling to Surface"

"Skin softener brings out fresh skin instantly," dermatologist explains

EVERY MINUTE of the day and night, your skin is drying out. Tiny rough parts gather on its surface. They make your skin look harsh and dull. Its freshness disappears entirely. It looks faded—old.

But these coarse particles can actually be melted away! A distinguished dermatologist explains how.

Why Dried Cells Disappear

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Drill-out dead cells on surface make skin laugh

The evidence is clear. See the surface of your skin which becomes it, it's a rough surface.

After the hard, dry, old, keratinous cells. Just one application of Pond's Vanishing Cream completely smooths away all little roughness.

skin looks clear and fresh—feels soft and sleek as satin.

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All the while, you know that your skin is protected and you look your very best.

Send right off for the generous tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream offered below—to protect and flatter your skin for days and days. It contains enough for 10 treatments. Don't wait—send now.

Mail coupon for Generous Samples

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I enclose the tube cover postage and packing, for special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream with generous sample of 2 Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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Drill-out dead cells melted away—skin smooth, fine clear

harsh skin. Vanishing cream also preserves the skin's natural moisture and therefore helps to prevent roughness and dryness.

Every night after cleansing, smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream over face, neck, hands, arms. In the morning, see how it has brought out your own smooth, fresh skin. All those "leaky places," all the little chaps and roughnesses have vanished. Your

Why doesn't it EVER ring?

Mum any time, even after you're dressed. For a harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Mum, and how, doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how does it do that? Let Mum do it. Mum daily and you'll never be annoyed because of personal uncleanliness. Heck! Mum, Inc., 75 West 34th, New York.

The truth is, Bill would ask her, and so would the girls. If I weren't for Mum, I'd be a different person. That informal dinner boy! That madman's persuasion! He makes her so unpleasant to be near. When a pity it felt! But don't, says persuasion, oh, so easy to avoid with Mum!"

Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant. Then you're safe for the whole day! And nothing you'll like—use MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

Before you buy *any* low-priced car this year SEE what's **INSIDE** *all* low-priced cars!

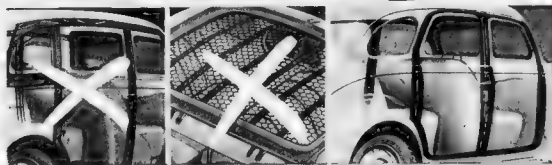


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ON VALUE ALONE!**

NOT THIS ...

NOT THIS ...

BUT THIS IN LAFAYETTE



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF 4-DOOR SEDAN

With the X-Ray System, you see *hidden* things ... such as wood pillars, in some cars, supporting steel tops. Or else steel bodies with only

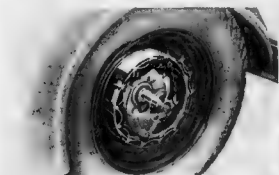
wire mesh and fabric over your head. These pictures show how the X-Ray System reveals *all* of the vital features *INSIDE* low-priced cars.



SIX PASSENGERS! WIDER FRONT SEATS THAN HIGH-PRICED CARS Three passengers—big people, even six-footers, ride in back or front seat with room to spare!



MORE HEADROOM THAN IN CARS COSTING OVER \$2,000 You'll like the extra headroom you get in LaFayette. It means greater safety, too. . . . And it's cooler in hot weather!



OVERSIZED HYDRAULIC BRAKES BIG ENOUGH TO STOP A TRUCK! Hydraulic brakes actually as large as those on one of America's fastest-selling 1½ ton trucks!



WORLD'S ONLY COMPLETE SEAMLESS ONE-PIECE STEEL BODY Only LaFayette and the Nash "400" have a complete, seamless all-steel top, floor and body with girder-steel frame!

Remarkable new X-Ray System reveals surprising differences **INSIDE** cars of the same price. Lets you see with your own eyes that the new LaFayette is the safest, roomiest car ... the *best-engineered* car ever offered at anywhere near the price!

IT IS NO LONGER necessary to take for granted the parts of a car you can't see. Through the LaFayette X-Ray System, the surprising, hidden differences *INSIDE* cars of the same price are brought to light clearly and simply, so that anyone can understand them!

In fascinating new pictures the X-Ray System reveals the whole truth about low-priced cars. You get just plain facts ... facts that you as a car buyer are entitled to know. It's fun ... and it's a whole lot better than buying a car out of habit or on somebody's say-so!

Check your own car

If the X-Ray System can show you that certain vital features of engineering which are always included in high-priced cars are **NOT** included in your present car ... but **ARE** included in the new 1936 LaFayette—won't you consider that valuable information to

have before buying the same car again?

If the X-Ray System can show you that LaFayette *alone* in the lowest-price field gives you 6 or 8 vital features that most expensive cars *never omit* ... features that make a car run "sweeter" and keep that new-car "feel" for 10,000 additional miles or more—won't you at least want to consider it before putting the same amount of money into another low-priced car?

Seeing is believing

The X-Ray System **CAN** show you all of these things—and more! You see, for example, that LaFayette is the only car in the lowest-price field with a *seven-bearing* crankshaft and rifle-drilled connecting rods that lubricate each cylinder separately with every stroke of the piston. That it has oversized hydraulic brakes actually as large as those on one of America's leading 1½ ton trucks!

That it has a complete, **SEAMLESS**, one-piece, all-steel body.

Get in and stretch out!

And you won't need the X-Ray System to show you that LaFayette is a bigger, roomier, **SIX-PASSENGER** automobile. That it has a **MULTI** wider front seat than your present car's back seat. That it has more headroom than in cars costing over \$2,000! And more legroom, too.

This year Nash—without regard to present profits—is out to win America on value alone. That's why you get all of this **EXTRA** value in the new LaFayette.

In fairness to yourself, be sure to **SEE WHAT'S INSIDE** all low-priced cars before you buy any one of them. Go to the nearest Nash-LaFayette showroom. See the X-Ray System—and get the surprise of your life! The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

THE NEW 1936 LAFAYETTE \$595

A • PRODUCT • OF • THE • NASH • MOTORS • COMPANY

and up L. O. B. factory. Special equipment extra. New 1936 Nash "400" prices start at \$675. Advanced sizes and eight \$825 to \$1220. All prices subject to change without notice. Convenient terms, new low rates through the Authorized Nash Finance Plans.

"You don't have to be rich to enjoy rich whiskey!"

"25 Million new friends for Old Quaker because I've kept that promise!"



A barrel of quality in every bottle and it doesn't take a barrel of money to buy it

YES, my friends, I've kept the promise that you "*don't have to be rich to enjoy rich whiskey!*" All America, from Main Street to Fifth Avenue, knows now that it is more than just a slogan—For Old Quaker is for everybody to enjoy... everybody who wants a real quality whiskey... really rich and mellow straight whiskey... at a really friendly price. Get a bottle at your liquor store tomorrow! Ask for it at your

favorite bar or tavern! You and Old Quaker will be friends for life.

Also try: OLD QUAKER APPLEJACK
OLD QUAKER RUM
OLD QUAKER BRANDY (8 years old)
OLD QUAKER SLOE GIN

THE OLD QUAKER CO., DISTILLERS
Lawrenceburg, Ind., Est. 1846



LOOK TO THIS GUIDING STAR FOR THE UTMOST IN VALUE



This Mark of Merit on the neck of the bottle is your trustworthy guide in buying your absolute assurance of Schenley quality.

OLD SCHENLEY
The world's most exquisite straight whiskey—Bottled in Bond under U. S. Gov. Supervision

SCHENLEY'S GOLDEN WEDDING
America's finest whiskey blend

SCHENLEY'S RED LABEL
A creamy smooth blend, welcome to your throat

SCHENLEY'S SILVER WEDDING
Distilled in London Dry Gin

SCHENLEY PRODUCTS CO., 20 W. 40th Street, New York

SCHENLEY'S MAYFLOWER
Pennsylvania Straight Rye Whiskey

SCHENLEY'S OLD QUAKER BRAND
The country's best-selling straight whiskey

OLD QUAKER
Distilled London Dry Gin 100 proof

THE WHISKY FAMILY BLEND
The Whisker Family's own family whiskey at your price, neighbor



OLD QUAKER BRAND

STRAIGHT WHISKEY as you prefer in BOURBON or RYE

NOW HEINZ MAKES THE KIND OF PICKLE JEFFERSON PRAISED

*"On a hot day in Virginia I know
of nothing more comforting than a
fine spiced pickle, brought up trout-
like from the sparkling depths
of that aromatic jar below stairs
in Aunt Sally's Cellar"*

Th Jefferson.



Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, and third President of the United States, was a famous gourmet of his time.

YOU will agree with Thomas Jefferson when you taste Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle. For Heinz now makes it precisely as his Aunt Sally doubtless made it from a treasured recipe handed down through many generations.

Such mild and mellow spiced pickle you have never tasted, except perhaps from the pickle jar in homes where good old homemade pickle is served. Unlike ordinary pickles, Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle retains the delicate flavor and crisp tenderness of choice cucumbers picked fresh from the vines. Neither sour nor sweet, these luscious, spicy slices are the most deliciously satisfying morsels you have ever wished for.

Into the Heinz pickle kitchens come freshly picked cucumbers of the superior variety developed by Heinz, who furnished the seed for these cucumbers to the grower. Within hours

after they are harvested, they are sliced and drenched in Heinz vinegar and rare imported spices, according to the old-time recipe—then vacuum packed in jars.

The result is an exact duplication of the mild spiced fresh cucumber pickle that delighted Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, Napoleon, Dolly Madison, Queen Elizabeth, and millions of other men and women of history.

Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle arouses one's appetite. As a relish or a garnish for almost any dish, it provides a rare, delightful flavor contrast. Use it as a sandwich filler. To midnight snacks, afternoon tea, and luncheons it adds just the right racy-flavor note. Because it is made the old-fashioned way, it is easily digestible—the ideal relish for children. Served generously, these tender, spicy slices alone make a quickly prepared salad.

Once you try this grand pickle confection

ONE OF THE
57

you will probably always have a jar or two on hand. Delightfully they satisfy that mid-afternoon or bed-time craving for sweets and other things that tend to add weight.

Try one jar of Heinz Cucumber Pickle and surprise your family with a new relish-thrill.

Available in liberal size jars, Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle is the new low-cost salad. Popular to serve, and stylish, too. In the refrigerator it keeps perfectly after the jar is opened. Ask your grocer about this very popular Heinz Variety.



**DELICIOUS—AND SO
EASILY DIGESTIBLE**

For your fill of Heinz Cucumber Pickle. It is as good for you as any green salad.

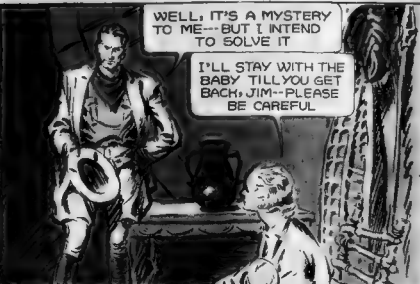


HEINZ Fresh Cucumber Pickle

JUNGLE JIM BY ALEX RAYMOND

JIM AND JOAN ARRIVE AT WAHIKA VILLAGE TO RESCUE MRS. ROMNEY'S BABY, WHICH HAD BEEN LEFT WITH ZOA, CHIEF OF THE WAHIKA, TO BE BROUGHT UP AS A NATIVE ---JIM RECOGNIZES ZOA AS AN OLD FRIEND---

BRUDER TOLD ME HE TOOK THIS BABY FROM ITS MOTHER AS A MEANS OF REVENGE---



WELL, IT'S A MYSTERY TO ME--- BUT I INTEND TO SOLVE IT

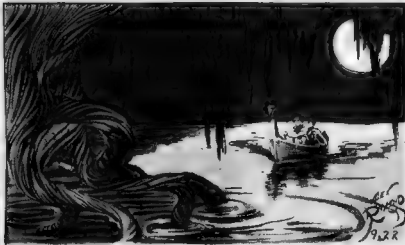
I'LL STAY WITH THE BABY TILL YOU GET BACK, JIM--- PLEASE BE CAREFUL



JIM SETS OUT FOR THE SPOT WHERE HE HAD LEFT HOLU---

I WATCHED LIKE YOU SAID, MASSAH-BRUDER COME BACK DOWN RIVER WITH HIS CREW AND WENT IN SWAMPS

THROW OUR PACKS IN THE CANOE, HOLU---WE'RE GOING AFTER THAT GUY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, JIM AND HOLU GUIDE THEIR CANOE INTO THE TREACHEROUS SWAMP ENTRANCE---



---AS THEY DO, A NATIVE SENTRY STEALTHILY SETS OUT FOR BRUDER'S HIDEOUT!

---NEXT WEEK---
"TRAPPED!"

Flash Gordon



① AS HOKHO, KING OF THE DEATH DWARFS, FORCES QUEEN AZURA AT SPEAR-POINT, OUT TOWARD THE BUBBLING, FLAME-SPITTING CALDRON OF AN UNDERGROUND VOLCANO CRATER-----



FLASH GORDON, NOW FULLY VISIBLE, DECIDES ON A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SAVE HER-----

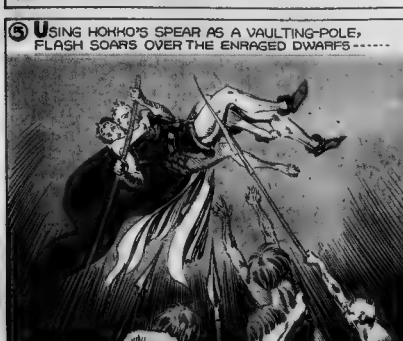


② WHAT CAN WE DO NOW? WE'RE TRAPPED---

JUMP ON MY BACK AND HOLD TIGHT!



③ ---THE DWARFS SCREAM IN TERROR AS A POWERFUL BLOND WILD-MAN DROPS INTO THEIR MIDST AND HURLS THEIR HOWLING KING INTO THE BOILING INFERNO!-----



④ USING HOKHO'S SPEAR AS A VAULTING-POLE, FLASH SOARS OVER THE ENRAGED DWARFS-----



⑤ WE CAN OUTDISTANCE THEM.

YES, BUT THE DOOR---IT'S BARRED FROM THE OUTSIDE



⑥ HELP! OH, HELP! IT'S ME, QUEEN AZURA!

NO USE, AZURA---HERE THEY COME! STAND BEHIND ME---I'LL HOLD THEM OFF AS LONG AS I CAN-----

---NEXT WEEK---
"THE GREEN-EYED DRAGON!"

THE COMIC WEEKLY

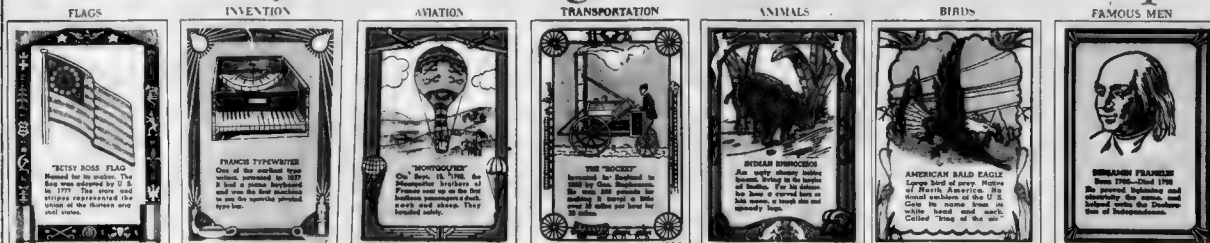
BOSTON ADVERTISER

SECTION
OF THE

Sunday, September 22, 1935



FIRST ISSUE! Beautiful, Interesting, Educational Poster Stamps



MORE OF THESE STAMPS ON PAGE 3---18 WILL BE PUBLISHED EACH SUNDAY
START YOUR COLLECTION NOW

9-22

Bringing Up Father



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9-22

SAVE THESE HANDSOME EDUCATIONAL STAMPS IN YOUR SCRAP BOOKS—POSTER STAMP COLLECTORS' CLUB ALBUMS SHOULD BE AVAILABLE AT DEPARTMENT STORES

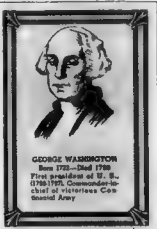
BOYS AND GIRLS:

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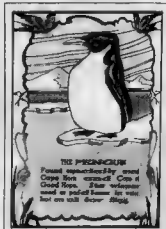
INVENTION



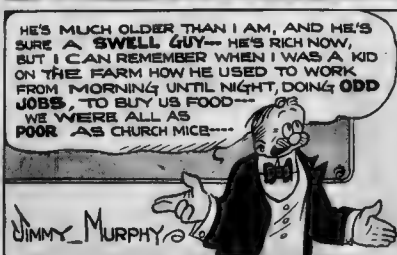
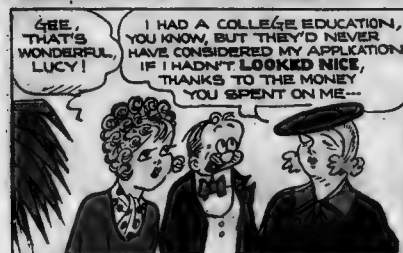
DRESS



LEAVES

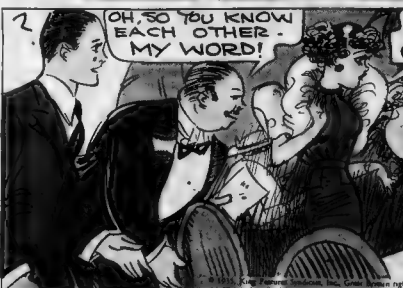
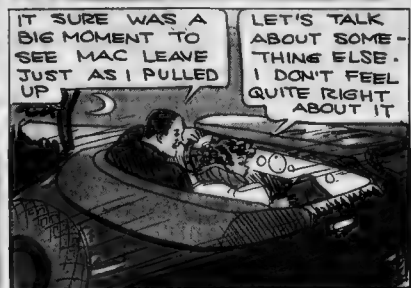


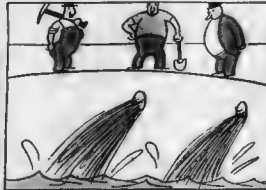
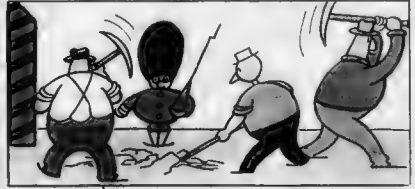
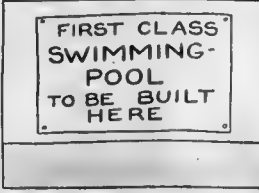
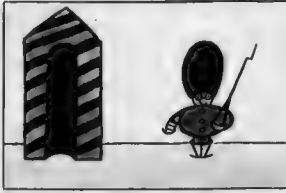
Richard D. B. Pagan, Editor



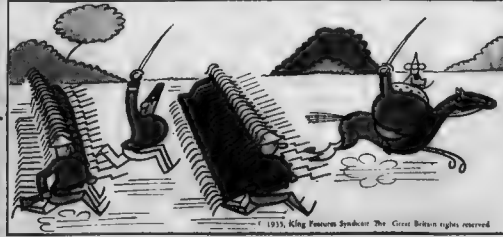
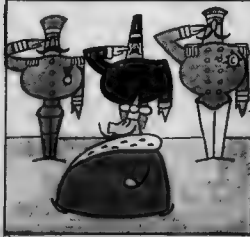
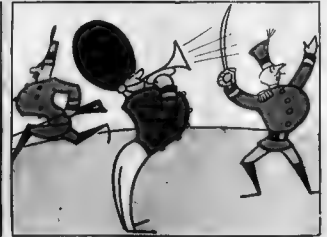
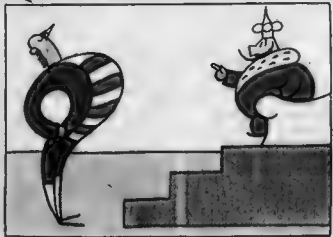
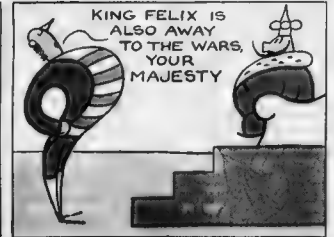
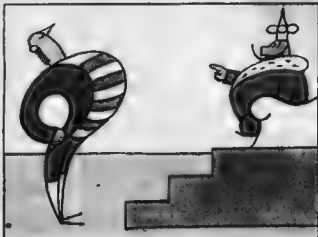
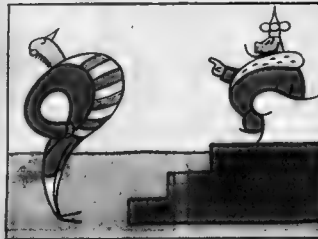
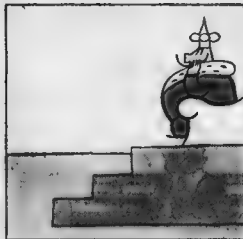


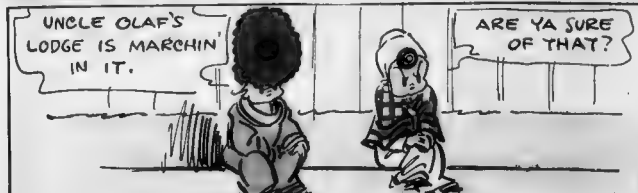
Tillie the Toiler





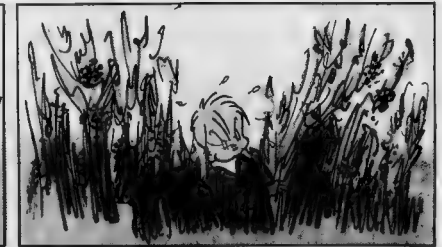
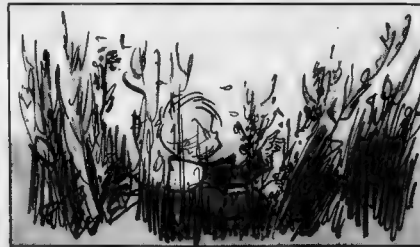
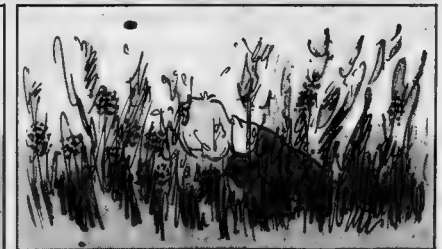
The Little King



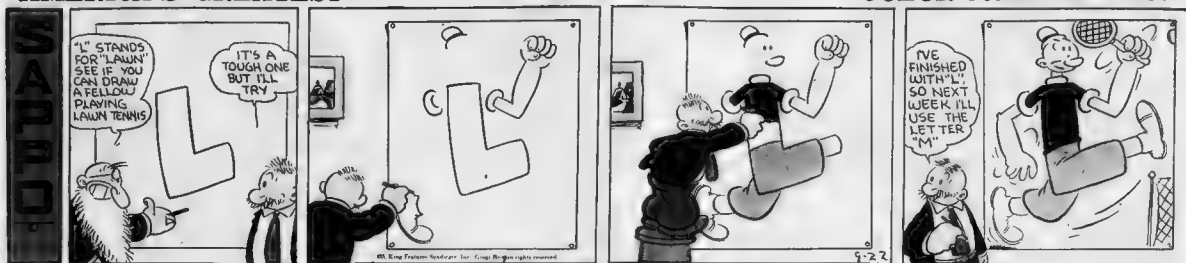


Skippy

Reprinted U. S. Patent Office



SKIPPY is in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN every week day



Thimble Theatre





LOUIS BLERIOT

FRENCH AIRPLANE DESIGNER AND PIONEER PILOT, WHO IS BEST KNOWN AS THE FIRST MAN TO FLY AN AIRPLANE ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL HE THEREBY WON A £1,000 PRIZE.

THIS FLIGHT, MADE ON JULY 25, 1909 MADE ALL ENGLAND AWARE OF THE FACT THAT AIR POWER WOULD BE VITAL TO THE FUTURE SECURITY OF HER EMPIRE. HE IS FRANCE'S MOST DISTINGUISHED SURVIVOR OF PIONEER FLYING DAYS.

HOBBLING TO THE PLANE BECAUSE HE HAD BURNED HIS FOOT IN AN ACCIDENT, HE SAID - "IF I CANNOT WALK - I'LL SHOW THE WORLD I CAN FLY."

HAVING NO COMPASS, THE WIND CARRIED HIM FARTHER EAST THAN HE REALIZED, WHILE OUT OF SIGHT OF LAND, BUT HE LANDED SAFELY NEAR DOVER CASTLE.



STARTING FROM LES BARAQUES ON THE FRENCH COAST AT 7:35 IN THE MORNING HE HEADED ACROSS THE CHANNEL



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BLERIOT MONOPLANE XI



THIS FRAIL MONOPLANE, POWERED WITH A 25 H.P. MOTOR, MADE THE CHANNEL CROSSING OF 23 MILES IN 37 MINUTES.

IT IS NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE CONSERVATOIRE DES ARTS ET MÉTIERS, PARIS.

ACE DRUMMOND

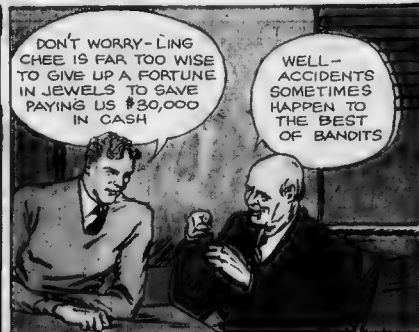
Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker



THE WAY YOU SPEND YOUR TIME FONDLING THOSE JEWELS - I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YOU ARE STUDYING TO BE A MISER.

WELL - YOUR FRIEND, GEN. LING CHEE, SAID TO KEEP THE JEWELS UNTIL HE PAID US OUR WAGES AND THE \$20,000 HE STOLE FROM US. IF HE NEVER COMES BACK THAT WILL BE SOON ENOUGH FOR ME.



DON'T WORRY - LING CHEE IS FAR TOO WISE TO GIVE UP A FORTUNE IN JEWELS TO SAVE PAYING US \$30,000 IN CASH.

WELL - ACCIDENTS SOMETIMES HAPPEN TO THE BEST OF BANDITS.



DON'T GET OPTIMISTIC. HE'LL ARRIVE ON TIME!

IT'S FIVE MINUTES TO -- SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!!!

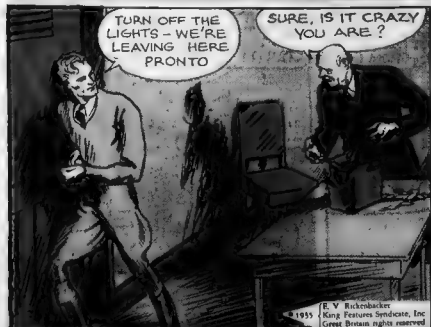


\$30,000 AND MY DEEP GRATITUDE AS PAYMENT FOR YOUR MOST SUCCESSFUL EFFORTS. A RECEIPT PLEASE. - ONLY A MATTER OF FORM.



GOOD-BYE - MY FRIEND. I HAVE A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE TO LOOK AFTER.

SO LONG! I EXPECT TO BE REAL BUSY, TOO!



TURN OFF THE LIGHTS - WE'RE LEAVING HERE PRONTO.

SURE, IS IT CRAZY YOU ARE?



STEP SOFTLY, JERRY. THERE'S SOMEONE OUTSIDE - ON THE BALCONY.



WHAT A SOCK!

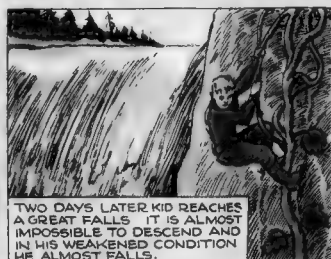
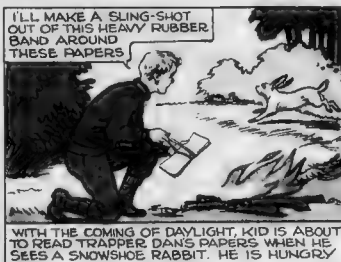
LING CHEE'S MEN ARE AFTER OUR \$30,000 WE'LL HAVE TO RISK ESCAPING FROM THE ROOF.

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CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

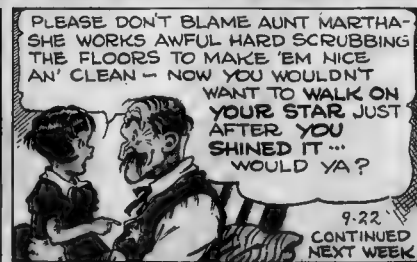
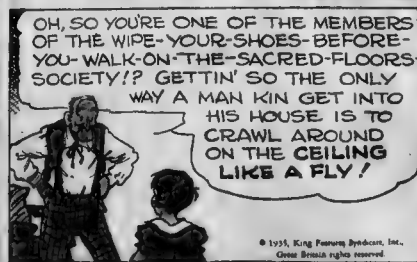
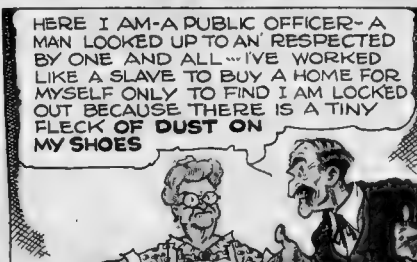
ZANE GREY



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

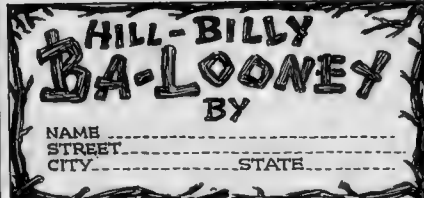
Registered U. S. Patent Office

by BRANDON WALSH

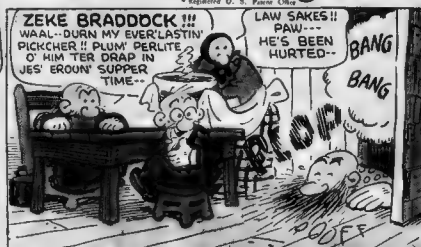


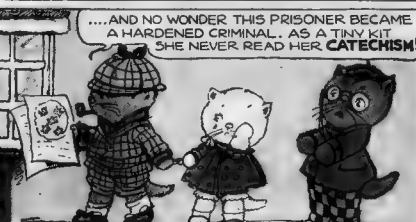
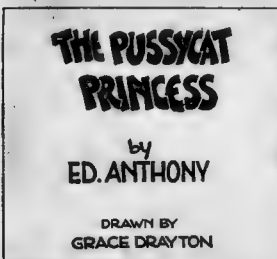
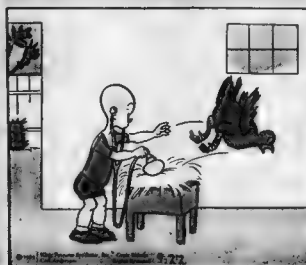
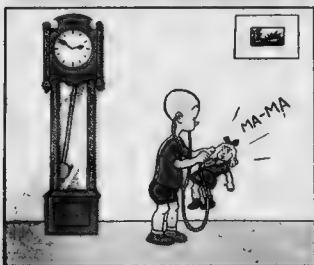
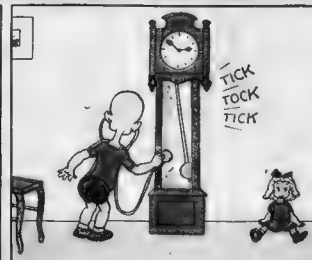
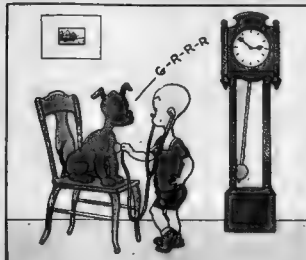
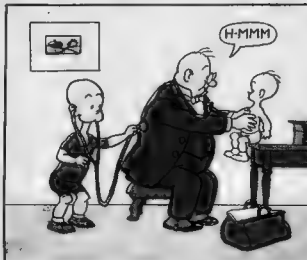
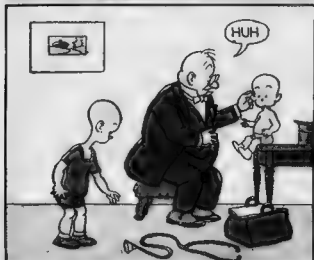
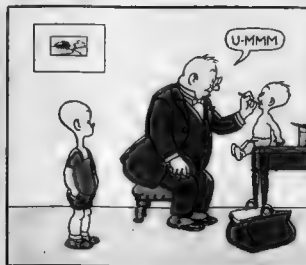
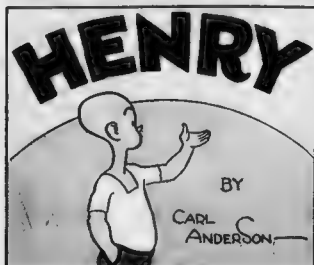
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CONTINUED
NEXT WEEK



Barney Google





RADIO PATROL

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1935

PINKY, WHILE SEARCHING FOR MOLLY ON THE GROUNDS OF THE MYSTERY "CASTLE," SPIES PATSY, THE PASSER, AND ANOTHER, CARRYING A SACK... THEY SUDDENLY DISAPPEAR INTO SOLID ROCK..

WELL, THEY'RE GONE! MUST BE SOME KIND OF A CAMOUFLAGED ENTRANCE

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?

WHY- ER- I WAS JUST LOOKING 'ROUND

WELL, GET OUTA HERE, QUICK! -AN' IF I CATCH YOU HERE AGAIN I'LL BOOT YOU RIGHT INTO THE LAKE

ALL RIGHT- I'M GOING

PINKY GOES BACK TO THE COTTAGE AND FINDS MOLLY HAS ALREADY RETURNED

THE FELLOW HAD A GUN, BUT HE THOUGHT I WAS JUST A SNOOPING KID -

I'M GLAD HE DIDN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING MORE

BUT TELL ME - WHERE COULD THOSE BIRDS HAVE GONE WITH THE SACK - ? ONE SECOND THEY WERE THERE AND THEN IT SEEMED THE GROUND OPENED UP AND SWALLOWED THEM

THAT'S JUST WHAT HAPPENED -

MOLLY TELLS OF THE MYSTERIOUS BOATHOUSE AND THE HIDDEN ELEVATOR IN THE CLIFF..

WELL, THEN THEY PROBABLY TOOK THAT SACK DOWN INTO THE BOAT! LET'S GET INTO THE OUTBOARD MOTOR AND SCOUT AROUND THE LAKE

FINDING NO TRACE OF THE SPEEDBOAT ON THE LAKE, MOLLY AND PINKY APPROACH THE BOATHOUSE.

THERE'S NO WAY OF GETTING IN THERE - IT'S LOCKED ON THE INSIDE

YES, THERE IS! LET'S GO BACK AND GET INTO OUR BATHING SUITS AND GO UNDER THAT DOOR

ALL SET NOW?

YEAH - LET 'ER GO

MEANWHILE

OS PATSY PULLS THE CONCEALED LEVER, THE REAR WALL OF THE BOATHOUSE RISES, DISCLOSING A SERIES OF CANAL LOCKS

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK...

RED BARRY

Registered U. S. Patent Office

LAST WEEK RED'S NEW-FOUND FRIEND, "HONG-KONG CHOLLY," LED HIM TO AN UNDERGROUND CELLAR WHERE THEY FOUND THE LIMP FORM OF A CHINAMAN HANGING FROM AN OVER-HEAD BEAM...

DON'T GO NEAR THE BODY, CHOLLY - THAT'S WORK FOR THE POLICE!!

SHOO, MIKES!!

THIS BABY WAS TORTURED!! THAT STUFF IN THE BOWL IS LYE!!

SAY - HOW DO I KNOW YOU DIDN'T DO IT?

OHNO - HONG-KONG CHOLLY GOOD BOY - I SHOW!!

WELL, I'LL BE - A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE DETECTIVE - BADGE, DIPLOMA, AN ALL!!

PLUTTY SOON CHOLLY BECOME HULLY G-MAN!!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE LYE IN THE BASIN, CHOLLY?

OL' CHINEE LOOSE - ROPE SHE'S LOOSE - MAN STAY STILL, HE NO HANG - FEET'S IN THE TUB COVERED WITH LYE-WATER ABOVE FALL INTO TUB DLOP AT A TIME

WATER MAKE TUB BURNING VOLCANO - FEET'S BURN - MAN NO CAN STAND - JERKS FEET'S OUT - BLOODS - NOOSE - TIGHTENS - MAN HANGS!!

NICE CLEAN FUN!!

JUST ONE MORE QUESTION, CHOLLY... WHO IS THIS POOR GUY?

WAIT!! LARGE EARS OF HONG-KONG CHOLLY HEARS SINISTER FOOTSTEPS!!

QUICK, WHERE CAN WE HIDE?

HONG-KONG CHOLLY PLENTY WISE GUY - YOU FOLLY HIM!!

AM I SEEING THINGS OR IS THAT BODY REALLY MOVING ITS HANDS?

OHEYGOLLY - GOSH ME!!

STRANGE AND SINISTER ARE THE DOINGS IN CHINATOWN. YET STRANGER THINGS ARE ABOUT TO OCCUR...

Continued next week...

RED BARRY'S Thrilling Exploits Appear every week day in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN



Tim Tyler's Luck



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY ROUND-THE-WORLD

By WILLIAM LAVARRE, F.R.G.S.
THROUGH DJUKA LANDS IN DUTCH GUIANA

Each night, as the Expedition pauses in its eastward march into Dutch jungles, JOHNNY JUPITER works over his damaged ZOOM CAMERA. Lobi is more interested in the GAZZ-GUN.

1 PSSST! ME SEE SOMETHING IN BUSH! LOOK!

YES, I SEE IT TOO! BUT WHAT IS IT, LOBI?

2 NO CAN TELL! LOOKS PLENTY STRANGE! BETTER SHOOT QUICK!

3 ME TIE HIM UP QUICK!

4 FOR THE LOVE OF PETE, LOBI! WHAT KIND OF A THING IS IT?

SOMEBODY TAKE DOG AND PAINT HIM UP!

THE GAZZ-SHELL CAUSES A THREE-MINUTE SLEEP!

5 IT'S A DJUKA DOG, JOHNNY. WE MUST BE NEAR SOME DJUKA VILLAGE. HURRY, LOBI! TIE HIM UP SO HE CAN'T RUN AWAY!

6 THE DJUKAS CALL IT "DRESSI DE DOGGI" THEY DRESS HIM UP WITH MAGIC PAINT SO HE WILL BE ABLE TO FIND MORE GAME FOR THEM. WHEN HE WAKES UP WE'LL MAKE HIM LEAD US TO THE DJUKA VILLAGE.

7 WOW, MAN! DAT DOG AM PUTTIN' ON DE DOG FO' TRUE

WOW, MAN! WHAT KIND O' PEOPLE AM DIS WHAT PAINT UP A DOG?

8 HOLD ON TIGHT, BOYS! THE DJUKAS HIDE THEIR VILLAGES SO DEEP IN THE JUNGLE WE MIGHT NEVER FIND THEM - IF WE DIDN'T HAVE THEIR DOG.

ONLY ONE PERSON OUT OF A THOUSAND KNOWS WHAT A DJUKA IS.

9-22

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

MOTHER TELLS JUDY HER WASHDAY SECRET

MY OLD DRESSES HAVE A BRAND-NEW LOOK, AGAIN, MOTHER

ALL OUR THINGS ARE GOING TO LOOK BRAND-NEW FROM NOW ON, JUDY. I'VE MADE A GRAND DISCOVERY

I'VE JUST BEEN TELLING JUDY THAT RINSO WASHES CLOTHES SO MUCH WHITER

OF COURSE, I KNOW THAT! MILLIONS OF WOMEN USE RINSO

I'M SO THRILLED! RINSO'S ACTIVE SUDS LOOSEN DIRT SO FAST—I RUN MY WASHER HALF THE USUAL TIME

THEY'RE SAFE SUDS, TOO, SO RICH AND SOAPY, THEY NEVER FLATTEN OUT

LOOK, MOTHER—SEE WHAT IT SAYS HERE ABOUT RINSO!

THAT THE MAKERS OF 34 FAMOUS WASHERS RECOMMEND IT, HIM!

"Makes clothes actually look new," says Mrs. Thomas O'Brien of Malden

I can give a brand-new look to my clothes every week just by using Rinsol in my washer. Rinsol washes clothes so white—makes colors so bright and fresh. And Rinsol gives such comfy suds. I use Rinsol for the dishes—and all cleaning!

MRS. THOMAS O'BRIEN, 22 Clarendon St., Malden, Mass. Insists, Rinsol washes out dirt—gets clothes whiter without scrubbing or boiling. Clothes washed this way last longer.

WE WERE THROUGH THE DISHES IN A WINK TONIGHT... WEREN'T WE?

YES, RINSO SEEMS TO SAVE TIME EVERY WAY I USE IT

IN TESTED AND APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE

Rinsol

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

LONELY BACHELOR FINDS OUT WHY

YOUNG AND HANDSOME TALL AND SLIM! WHY WERE GIRLS SO MEAN TO HIM?

FIRST HE CALLED UP MARY KATE SAID SHE "I HAVE ANOTHER DATE"

THEN TO HILDA'S HOUSE HE SPED SHE SAW HIM FIRST AND PROMPTLY FLED

TO A FRIEND HE TOLD HIS WOE "WHY YOU'D THINK I HAD 'BOO"

SAID HIS FRIEND, "OLD MAN, THAT'S IT! END 'BOO" AND MAKE A HIT"

NO NEED FOR A SECOND WAT'NING NOW IT'S LIFEBOUY EVERY MORNING

NOT A HINT NOW OF "B.O." DO GIRLS LIKE HIM? OH, OH, OH!

"MY YOUR SKIN IS SMOOTH AND CLEAR"

"THANKS TO LIFEBOUY JOHNNY DEAR"

LIFEBOUY does grand things for your complexion! Its creamy Lather penetrates, deep-cleanses pores. Its "parch" cream made on the skins of hundreds of women show it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."

"B.O." danger always Even on cool days we perspire a quack. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy purifies pores—prevents! Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

LIFEBOUY

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MR. BLUEBEARD? LOST YOUR RAZOR?

JUST THOUGHT I'D GIVE MY FACE A CHANCE TO HEAL

HEAL? WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR FACE?

WHY WHISKERS AND TENDER SKIN, SISTER!

MY DAD HAD THAT SAME TROUBLE AND SOLVED IT WITH LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM

REALLY? I'LL GET SOME AND TRY IT

THIS LIFEBOUY LATHER SURE HOLDS THE MOISTURE. GETS MY OLD WHISKERS OFF CLEAN AND EASY

You can shave close and often— with this extra-moist lather

THERE'S no mystery about the greater ease and comfort of a "Lifebuoy Shave." Lifebuoy Shaving Cream holds 62% more moisture. It soaks tough beards soft—easy to shave clean and close. And because it is so much milder than other leading shaving soaps, it's kinder to tender skin. Try it.

LIFEBOUY SHAVING CREAM

120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE

Blondie

Reprint U. S. Paid One



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9-22
CHIL YOUNG



AN ADVERTISEMENT OF

NESTLÉ'S NEST



NESTLÉ'S CHOCOLATE



ONE NESTLÉ'S BAR CONTAINS THE FOOD ENERGY NEEDED FOR 20 MINUTES OF MARATHON RUNNING-- THAT'S WHAT SAVED MY HIDE!



MILK CHOCOLATE

NESTLÉ'S

NESTLÉ'S MILK CHOCOLATE

WITH ALMONDS

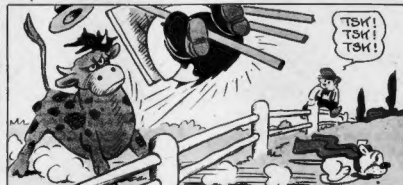
NESTLÉ'S

ALMOND MILK CHOCOLATE

FOR ECONOMY-- BUY THE HALF-POUND BAR

NESTLÉ'S HOT CHOCOLATE HAS THE SAME DELICIOUS CREAMY TASTE YOU FIND IN THE BARS-- IT IS SERVED AT FOUNTAINS AND RESTAURANTS

DINGLEHOOFER AND HIS DOG ADOLPH, — BY KNERR —



The Katzenjammer Kids

